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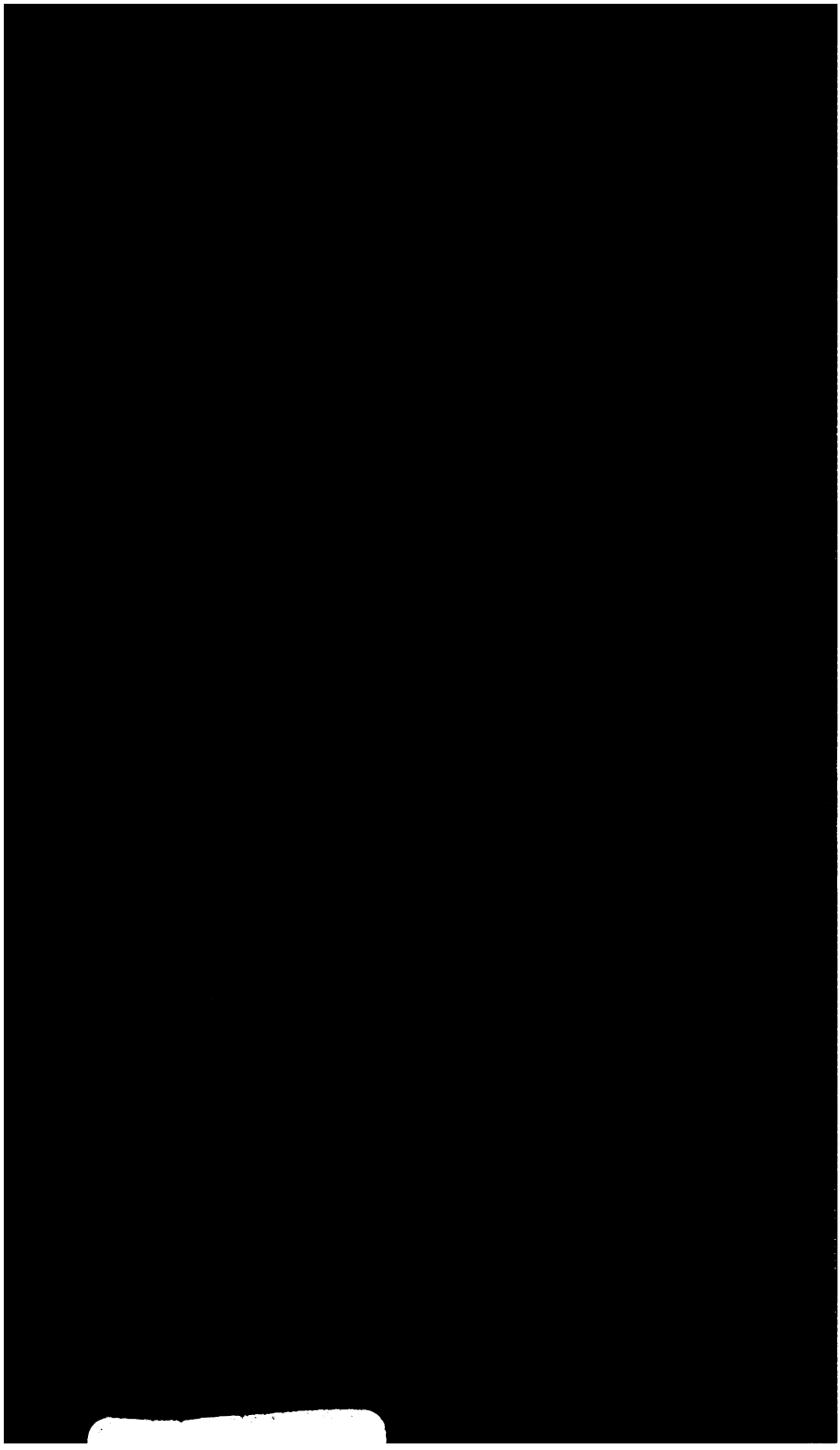

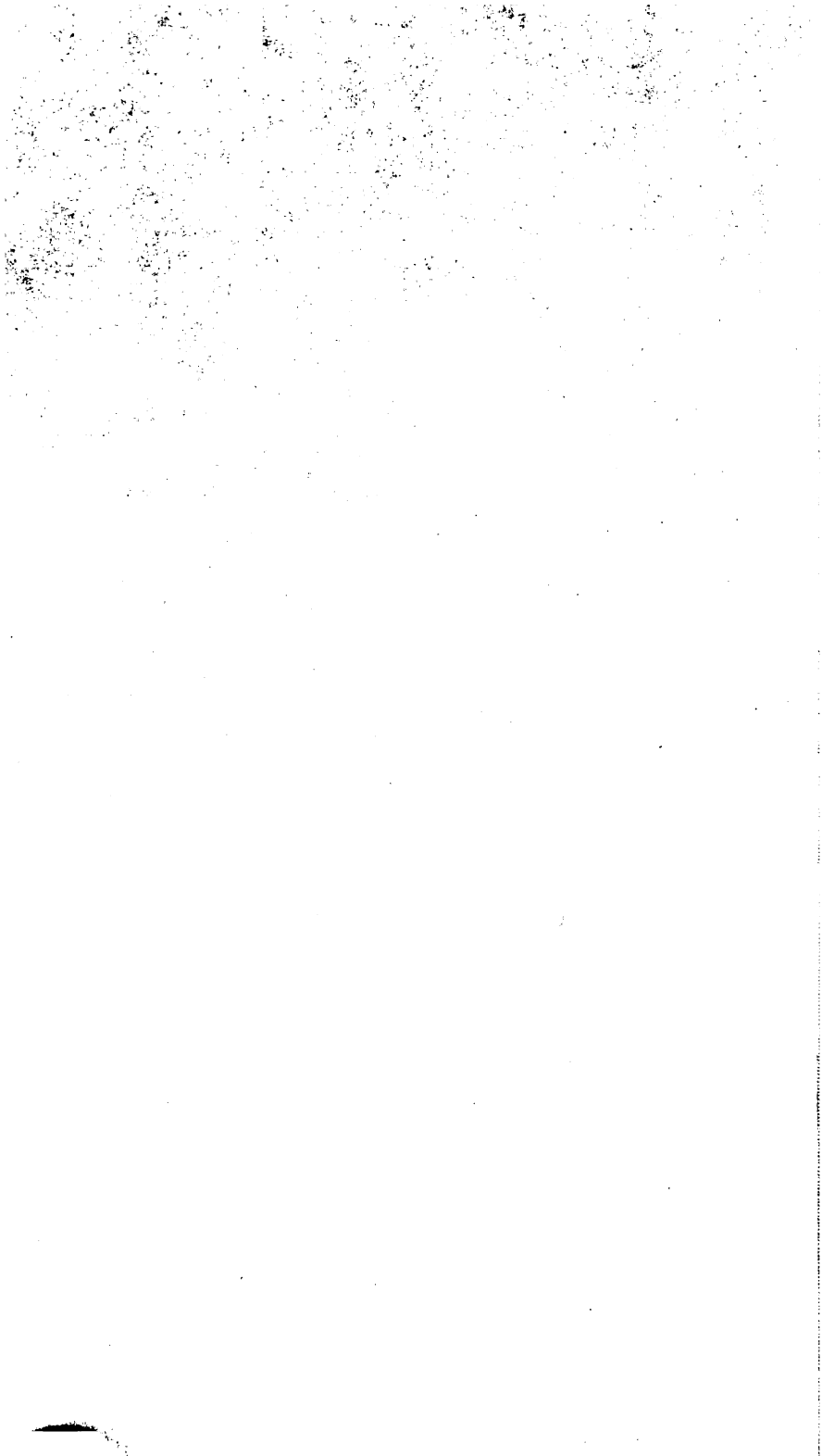

THE

AGE REVIEWED:

A

SATIRE:

WITH

THE RUNAWAYS;

A POLITICAL DIALOGUE.

THE

AGE REVIEWED:

A

SATIRE:

IN TWO PARTS.

Rev. Robert Montgomery

..... Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.

Why should we not enjoy the ancient freedom of Poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angels?—or to my young gallant that his expence in the brothel should gain him reputation? No, Sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law, should be cured as men heal tetters—by casting ink upon them.—MARSTON.

LONDON:

WILLIAM CARPENTER, 10, BROAD STREET,

BLOOMSBURY.

1827.

MD

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TO

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN,

WITH THE DEEPEST SENSE OF ITS PROMISING ASPECT,

THIS POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

"Ce monde, helas! est bien un autre enfer.
J'y vois partout l'innocence proscrite,
L'homme de bien fletri par l'hipocrite;
L'esprit, le gout . . . . . .
Sont énvolès, ainsi que les vertus.
Un rampante et lâche politique
Tient lieu de tout,—est le merite unique:
Le zéle affreux des dangereux devots
Contre le sage arme la main des sots,
Et l'Intérêt, ce vil roi de la terre
Pour qui l'ón fait et la paix et la guerre,
Triste et pensìf auprès d'un cofrefort,
Vend le plus faible aux crimes du plus fort."

IT is with the kingdoms of the earth as with the flowers of a garden;—they gradually emerge from the gloom of barbarism to enjoy awhile a florescent greatness, decline, and die. Thus there seems to be an inseparable analogy

between the operations of nature and human society; in both, there is a rise, a fall, and a middle state of luxuriant existence. In this middle state of luxuriant existence, England is at present placed: for, notwithstanding her accumulating debt, and the late pecuniary convulsions, a hurried glance at her external appearance, might suggest omens of increasing grandeur, and valid national importance. Her banners still wave triumphant, her conquests are progressively advancing, and the name of a Briton is yet a passport to applausive respect, throughout each zone of the globe. If we revert to our domestic situation, there is something, even here, to gratify a PARTIAL observer. Suppose him to be one of the modern philanthropists, whose alluring motto is, "*Homo sum; nil humanum à me alienum puto*," and the language of his heart might be:—Thank Heaven, the tyrannic throne of

rank is beginning to totter, the *people* are becoming universally intellectual, and the original dignity of mankind more visible;—a fervid spirit of republicanism is awakening every plebeian's mind; politics are subservient to the discussions of the vulgar; knowledge is expanding; and, in a few dozen years we shall have glorious times! Glorious times!—however, let us not presume to penetrate the sanctity of the future, but take a limited, and impartial view of the "glories" of the period which we have now the blessedness to enjoy. Some will perhaps draw different conclusions from the "philanthropists;" and discover that the spume of patriotism is as admirably calculated to conceal truth, as it is to catch the listening ear of undiscriminating prejudice.

The vices of the age are unexaggerated, when it is remarked, that there is not *one* of

Juvenal's Satires which would not, if parodied so as to suit the particular customs of the English, be applicable to the present times. Will not the voluptuous minions that infest the court, rival in debauchery, dissipation, and reckless profligacy, those of King Charles's time?—*Some* of them would honour the palace of a Nero, or a Domitian! There seems to be a general laxness of principle diffusing its baneful influence over the nobility. Each race is a further degeneracy from its ancestors. Formerly, crimes in high life were branded by the general detestation of those in an equal sphere;—there were then limits in patrician society, and those who transgressed them seldom remained unstigmatized or uncensured. But, let a candid enquirer examine the peerage now! let him look at those who should be the beacons for virtuous imitation, and what will be the issue? True,

he will find a few untarnished solitaries, whose rank is but the least part of their honors;—but they are like straggling blades of verdure, lost in the miry swamps that encircle them. He will find the follies of dissipation considered as indispensable attributes to high birth; that adulterous gallantries are unavoidably recommending; that dauntless libertinism, and a perfect acquirement of the duelistic art, constitute, what is denominated by fashionable ranks—spirit; that the gaming-house is more revered than the fane of the Deity; that inebriety and gluttony are far from degrading;—in short, that crimes of all hues are universalised, and that the purse is the *passe par tout* for every thing. The manner in which most of the youth of fortune and rank are educated, will explain the increasing degeneracy of the titled. The honest virtues of their ancestors are disregarded, for the corrupting superflui-

ties of modern fashion. The child is allowed to see his father the victim of extravagancies, and gentlemanly vices—his mother the butterfly of balls, and the adorer of versatile fooleries. Thus nursed, in luxurious indulgence, educated in the conceited accomplishments of a corrupted age, at eighteen he presents himself as nice a model of begotten folly as the world could wish to encourage. How few can be noblemen unadorned with the bestialities of the groom?—How few can be noblemen without an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of a hell, the science of pugilism, and the dainty chicaneries of a successful seduction? The motto of the times should be:—

"Nil erit *ulterius*, quod nostris moribus addat
Posteritas:— . . . . . .
Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit."

The following extract from the writings of Dr. Parr, will not be inaptly introduced on

the present occasion: Speaking of the "great and powerful," he remarks, "In vain shall we there find that decency of behaviour, that manliness of thinking, that integrity of principle, to which our ancestors were indebted for their prosperity and their fame. All that commanded respect in them, is meanly sacrificed by their abject children, who are content to receive in exchange, the gaudiness of foreign dress, the insipidity of foreign manners, and, what is yet more odious, the rankness of foreign infidelity!"

The rage for every thing exotic, is indeed, an infallible and melancholy sign of the national depravity of the times. That spontaneous candour and unaffected ingenuousness, which were once the general characteristics of an Englishman, are daily waning into duplicity, and effervescent politeness. We are, in-

deed, such universal beggars, that we must copy lascivious Gaul, even to her very wantonness! A Gaelic MANIA has infected the Isle. Since the Revolution of France, we have been gratefully returning our thanks to Heaven, by lavishing millions in procuring French debaucheries, French dress, French manners—in fact, French *every thing*.

Doubtless, one great cause of the extending spread of infidelity, must be attributed to the polluting intercourse we maintain with France. She washes the filth of blasphemy and scepticism to our shores. Of course this evil operates, at present, chiefly among the high and enlightened classes. There, religion is gradually becoming less revered. The doctrines of ages are degraded to a theme for the quibbling of impertinence, and the veracity of the Scriptures revoltingly attacked, till all is agree-

ably concluded by that convenient dismissal of a troublesome conscience,—"the belief is not dependent on the will."[1] Religion is now considered more of a civil than a holy nature; more as matter for fire-side colloquies, than an imperative obligation on the devotion of the heart. It is the inanity of presumption, to deny the influence of religious observances, on the welfare of a nation:—a pervading laxness in these, must inevitably prove an inlet to the most lamentable disorders. There are those, I am aware, who tell us, that it is mere cant to cry out in this manner; that national corruption exists but in the brain of morbid scribblers. To such, I have nothing to reply. I speak from the conclusions I have drawn from my view of society; and I have some of the wisest and best of mankind to unite with me.

[1] Mr. Brougham's Theological Cant.

When general religion thus begins to totter, we may, without much presumption, anticipate the consequences. This, at any rate, is evident,—that if rank and fashion are, for the most part, infamous with their religion, they will be something more than infamous without it. Inferiors will speedily learn to imitate the depravities of their superiors, and then, the "Liberals" will bask in the sun-shine of their long-wished consummation.

But,

"*Vera bona atque illis multum diversi, remotâ,*
Erroris nebulâ!"

If we revert to the untitled and the vulgar, we must indeed blind our eyes with the bandage of prejudice, not to perceive a corruptive spirit, slowly mining away obligation, and industrious honesty. Our villages no longer

present a picture of unsophisticated manners and rustic happiness. Without adverting to the monopolizing spirit of the landlords—which has unquestionably affected both the moral and domestic condition of the peasantry—we may trace the principal cause of rural degeneracy, to the vices imported from the town; and the baneful emulation of all its flippancies, gairish modes, and luxurious resources. Formerly, labourers were attached to the station in which they were born: to earn their livelihood by manly occupations, fare on frugal diet, and partake the lowly comforts of their cottage shed, were all they imagined necessary for their happiness: but now a discontented ambition pervades them; the rights of property are less revered, their employers less beloved; while misdemeanours, inebriation, and illegalities are daily increasing.

Need we enquire what is the condition of the lower orders in cities? Presumption, pertness, secret crime, and rebellious vanity, for the most part distinguish them. They hear the philanthropists preaching forth their democratical principles, and recommending the knowledge of books instead of the fulfilment of their attached duties; they catch with eager ear the poison of their sweet-sounding sophistry, and triumph in the thought of emulating their betters and ridiculing their importance. "The end will come at last," and then the result of universal refinement, "enlightened ignorance," and all the other blessings of crafty liberalism, will be experienced. For myself, I cannot but consider Brougham and his abettors (many of them rank infidels and deists,) as the worst enemies of their country;—as the founders of an internal rebellion that will ONE day flame out in its awful realities. The Edinburgh

Review and similar oracles, will name this the gabble of an "Alarmist;" let them: it is not so injurious as the gabble of Jacobinism, or the whimpering of insinuating Infidelity.

To conclude these few, and, I hope, unprejudiced remarks,—Eighteen hundred and twenty-seven presents a dismal example of a luxurious nation, blasted with poverty, though haughty in its external professions;—a nation corroded by vice, and drunk with exotic voluptuousness, where venalism is the swaying attribute of every rank; whose peerage is, in part, a bloated mass of degenerated titles; and whose commons are nursed by hypocritical demagogues to forward their schemes, upset the aristocracy,—and with it, society, religion, and national welfare!

> What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
> What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour;
> 'Tis thine at once, fair Albion to have been
> Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen;
> But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,
> And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered on the main;
> Like these thy strength may sink, in ruin hurled,
> And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
>
> BYRON.

If there be any truth in the preceding remarks, the appearance of a Satire will not be very surprising; I wish it had been done by better hands; as it is, I can only say,

"Go forth my little book,"

and do all the good you can. I should like to have compressed it more, but the extensive range I have ventured to take, forbad it. A review of the age, implies of course, a notice of all its distinguishing features,—literary, political, and moral. I am not aware that there are any important omissions, or that the poem has been swelled by the introduction

of too trivial subjects. On this, however, there must inevitably be diverse opinions: I have been bold enough to entertain one.

The author's object has been, to hold up the infamies of the age to the light of truth, detect their foulness, and wipe away their sophistry; to apply the branding iron where it was wanted, ridicule conceit, censure folly, and hunt out hypocrisy from its retreats.

I am aware that much may have been omitted, and that much more might be inserted;—in fact, that the poem is far from faultless. To maintain the spirit of unflagging satire through such a wide view, is by no means an easy task:[1] whether this be accomplished in

[1] It may not be impertinent to remark, that there are many occasional passages of a different nature from Satire, throughout the poem; this has proceeded from choice, and not from inability to continue the satiric vein: the author has Juvenal, Pope, Gifford, &c. &c. for precedents in this particular.

the present work or no, others must determine. To be sure, I have had a delightful garden of crimes and vices to wander through!

"Quic quid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli—
ET QUANDO UBERIOR VITIORUM COPIA?"

"Had I all eloquence human and divine," I should never persuade *some* people that I have not been guided by any feeling allied to envy and malice; but so it is:—

ΝΟΗΣΑΙ ΚΑΙΡΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ,
ΕΓΩ ΙΔΙΟΣ ΕΝ ΚΟΙΝΩ ΣΤΑΔΕΙΣ,
ΟΥ ΧΕΥΣΟΜΑΙ.

Neither malice, envy, prejudice, or spite, have influenced my pen. Some will call the poem horrid, others rancorous, others malevolent, and many will find worse epithets to

designate their mighty verdicts. If they will, however, but call it just—

"Pour on, I will endure."

Reader, permit me to touch briefly upon one or two more subjects, ere I say, farewell. There is, undoubtedly, much personality in the following poem: I wrote it with the full intention of being personal; for a Satire without personality, is like soup without seasoning, and equally useless; besides, all those I have mentioned, are in a manner, public property; they have confronted the world, or left the impress of their characters in it: surely, then there is no harm in my criticising their diverse features. Many of them, I fear, are beyond the reach of mere words; they have arrived at the acmè of villainy, and are indeed peerless scoundrels: however, there is nothing like

distinction in our days! So fruitfully have subjects presented themselves to me, that I have often been puzzled which to select. "The world itself would scarcely contain the books that should be written," if all the eminent rogues that blossom forth now, were recorded. I have therefore confined my ambition to the exemplification of each crime, folly, and conceit, by introducing the names of eminent practitioners therein: this is the real meaning, I imagine, of Horace's "utile dulci:"—

> "Are there no follies for the pen to purge?
> Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
> Are there no sins for Satire's bard to greet?
> Stalks not gigantic vice in every street?
> Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path?
> And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?"

As to the manner in which parties and crimes are reprobated in this poem, I hope

none will find any thing wantonly indecorous; I have (if this be indecorous,) occasionally adverted to some detestable vices, and given them their proper name; it would be a source of regret, had I not done so; for overstrained delicacy is neither what I respect, or wish to accommodate.

The author has endeavoured to be severe with justice, and plain with decency; and if it be proved that one line has really injured the ears of fastidiousness,—that in condemning the VICE, he has tempted the fancy of the hypocrite to linger on its NAME, he can only remark, his duty would have been poorly performed had he failed

"*Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.*"

ERRATA.

PREFACE, page xvi. for σταδιις read σταιις.
—— 90, after *moans* add ;—
—— 90, instead of *A bouncing*, &c., read *Himself a bouncing, bellowing, pompous cit.*
—— 95, after the word *curses* dele comma.
—— 108, for *blasted* breath read *blasting* breath.
—— 133, (first line) for *their* read *the.*
—— 177, for *limping*, &c., read *powerful dullness.*
—— 189, (in note) for *Reviewer* read *Reviewers.*
—— 215, for "*saints dare seldom do*" read *saints seldom dare do.*
—— 270, after the word *eye-brow* dele comma.
—— 284, for *a friend in none*, read *the friend of none.*

The reader's indulgence is requested, for any other trivial errors that may have escaped the author:—should the Poem reach another edition, they shall be corrected.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

Nec fonte labra prolui caballino,
Neque in bicipiti somniasse Parnaso,
Memini, ut repente sic poeta prodirem.

PERS. PROLOG.

MENTOR.

WHAT!—though severely true, you lash the times,
Who'll feel the force of unbefriended rhymes?—
Thus patronless, oh! dar'st thou hope to please,
Will Colburn puff,[1] or Murray purchase these?—

[1] Too high praise cannot be administered to the eminent merits of Mr. H. Colburn, for that delectable method he pursues, in intro-

Say, hast thou figured to this fulsome age,
In weekly tinkle, or in monthly rage?
Have Campbell's pages wafted forth thy name, [1]
Or jingling Jerdan pav'd the road to fame? [2]

ducing an author to the public.—I ought sincerely to lament, that the Fates decreed my volume should not luxuriate under the fostering puffs of his patronage,—but poetry is such a drug!—"Try Colburn," says every literary friend to an author, "he'll MAKE your work sell." It is doubtful to say which will be handed down to posterity, as the greatest master in the history of magnanimous puffing—Charles Wright, or Henry Colburn, "*Arcades ambo.*" Let but the smile of Colburn suavity, illuminate the MS. and your forthcoming prodigy will meander through all the papers in the full tide of paragraphic celebrity; your—never mind—you'll succeed. I earnestly recommend our anti-Newton City Knight, to manufacture a few leaves, illustrative of the "Art of Puffing."

[1] No disrespect is here intended to Mr. Campbell himself. I have too great esteem for his character as a man, and his genius as a poet.

[2] There is no one more capable of giving a new work a good introductory impetus, than Mr. W. Jerdan; or, to shew my respect for all HE says—"The witty Mr. J."—but let him not hear of your delinquencies in failing to admire him and his columns!! ăι,—ăι!

AUTHOR.

Alas! INITIAL glories are not mine,
No Cockney Aristarchus reads my whine;
Through Grub Street lore I never scraped renown,
Or, big with puffs, be-rhymed the brainless town.

MENTOR.

Without Colburnian[1] puffs to cry thy verse,—
Or Row-born lies,—who deems it worth the purse?
Be wise:—survey e'en Longman's mildew'd shelves,
What rhyme-drug moulders in forgotten twelves!
See, psalming Barton's ding-dong whimsies fail,
And Laureate lumber find no friendly sale,—

[1] As many of the beloved personages introduced here, are likewise duly noticed in the poem itself, there is little need of present notes to explain allusions.

Hear peevish Pennie [1] grunt poetic woe;
And verse-worn Jackson blubber round the Row.

AUTHOR.

Yet, still, I'll shrink not from my venturing strain,
And scribble all without a dream of gain!

MENTOR.

Why not a novel hash?—'tis sure to pay,—
Some gairish GRANBY, [2] or bedizen'd GREY?
Here, boundless glories seldom fail to bloom,
Supply the misses, and support the Room; [3]

[1] Poor Pennie! Jerdan is determined not to become his critical Mæcenas.

[2] The novel of "Granby," was certainly superior to the general class of "fashionable novels"—but, as for "Vivian Grey"—and "Almacks," how these could meet with approving readers, is indeed a mystery almost worth the talents of an Œdipus.—Dull, blundering, soporific, catch-penny masses of nonsensical garbage.

[3] It is well-known that the first edition of any new novel is immediately swallowed up by those innumerable Reading Rooms, Societies, &c. &c. which now swarm in every town.

There's not a sluggard in this virgin isle,
But reads tart trumpery in the Novel style:—
Or else to France, and rotten Rome [1] repair,
For two months scrawl, and dig divinely there;
Then bring some slip-slop journal in thy hand,
And print it, for the tour-bedevilled land;—
Some Irish tales—or else the corn attack, [2]
Do any thing but join the rhyming pack.

AUTHOR.

Let Newman's leaden-pated numskulls scribe,—
Corn, puns, and novels, feed their hungry tribe!

[1] Celebrated personages, and celebrated cities, after their demise, exhibit an analogy in their fates: they are be-rhymed, be-written; and generally be-praised. To what a number of tour-scrawlers has Rome given birth! How many poets did the death of Byron create!—As for Rome, I begin to fear that all that is left of her will soon be dispersed over the world.

[2] At this time, the Corn Laws and the Roman Catholic Question are become very fashionable topics for abortive politicians, and the matin gabble of reading-room loungers. Thank God, the latter are silenced for awhile.

MENTOR.

Then, try the stage:—some French combustion hash,
Let Green bedaub—and Kemble gives the cash;
Observe, how bungling Beazely garbles plays,
And Jemmy Pocock wears his owlish bays;
For Morton's hum-drum how the house o'erflows,
While Poole [1] his fortress piles on Liston's nose!

AUTHOR.

Remember, though I tag some lines in rhyme,
I'll mew no tender nothings to the time.

[1] If Mr. Poole possessed any dramatic gratitude, he would do versified homage to Mr. Liston's comic visage, for the remainder of his career. Had it not been for the spirit of comicality playing round his mouth and perching on the exquisite tip of his nose, where would that flower of the modern drama—that china-famed, paste-board preserved character, Paul Pry, be?

MENTOR.

If then, despite of all thy friend can say,
In mazy verse thou'lt plod thy dubious way,[1]—
Select some story of romantic kind,
Where pleasing murders linger on the mind;
Neat be the type, and let the "hot-press'd" shine,
While Westall prints jog on each limping line.

AUTHOR.

I'm not sublime enough to frame a plot;
Content to pause, and worship peerless Scott.

MENTOR.

Bethink thee well, if satire be thine aim,
What knavish malice will befoul thy fame;
How all the lettered frogs will hop and spit,
And croak "damnation" for each proper hit!

[1] ..... verseward plod thy weary way.
BYRON.

What paragraphic filth pollute thy page,
How bardlings bicker, and how dullards rage;
Besides, our modern times are so impure!—
Too vain to listen, and too vile to cure:

AUTHOR.

Not all these omens will deter my pen,
So, pray, good Mentor, cease to bore again.

MENTOR.

Once more—and then pursue at will,
Knit the bent brow, and couch the fearless quill: —
With free diffusion pour out party spite,
Let whig or tory every line indite;
Let currish Brougham command well-tun'd applause,—
That bouncing herald of a viperous cause;—
Help babe-tongued Butler [1] in the Romish cheat,
And wipe thy lips to kiss the Papal feet;

[1] Mr. Butler is the most lamb-like controversialist I have ever met with. He prefers glozing his subject with the polish of defective

And oh!—prolific theme—on slavery cant,—
And laud the verbiage of Macauley's rant;—
Or else, to tories cackle forth thy verse,
And mete the bounty of great Eldon's purse;
With far-flown fustian tickle lordly ears,
Admire the sinecures,—and more the peers:
One party take,[1]—or, who will dare to see
Thine object noble, and thy censure free!
Politic tools will damn whate'er they read,
The foe, for hate—the minion, for his meed.

argument, to the rigid, stern statement of unprevaricating truth. Dr. Southey has very properly exposed many of his "genteel" subterfuges. It is highly amusing to observe the pleasing shuttle-cock praises, Parr and Butler introduce in their letters, lately published.

[1] Mentor means to say, that if the author does not slavishly follow the principles of one party, he will, for that very reason, be considered less liberal: many will alter the title of his book, and call it "The Age Abused,"—this would be a most witty perversion!—but

"Ac ne forte roges, quo me duce, quo lare tuter;
Nullus addictus jurare in verba magistri."

AUTHOR.

And must I—can I—to provide applause,
Forge venal flummery for each flaming cause?
Pour out preposterous praise to gild the vile,
Find truth in Hunt, or candour in Carlisle—
For all the base-bred democratic gang,
Praise Morgan's lore, or Cobbett's groom-like slang—
For poor Phillenic Hume pretend to feel,
And clinch the thundering lies of sotted Shiel?[1]
Or, must my groping verse, in mewlish whine,
Deem Berkeley pure, and Wellesley half divine,
Unroll the virtues of our cock-pit peers,
When wealth o'erawes, and titles wake my fears?—
Nor bribe, nor fear, my pen from truth entice,
To flatter villains, and purvey for vice,

[1] The only disgraceful excuse that that Demosthenes of tap-rooms, Mr. Shiel, could allege for his bestial exposures of the heir to England's throne, was, "intoxication:" a complaint that seems very general with the greater number of his moon-struck fraternity.

Though paper-patrons may outlaw my page,
And buck-skinn'd [1] bullies whip away their rage.

Let candid censors see no slave indite,
To pule for party, or exhaust his spite,—
Let PATRIOTS deem me worth their hallow'd name;
My country's good, and virtue for my aim,—
Enough for me, if such approve my task,
And freely give what humble hope may ask.

Exit MENTOR, *stroking his chin.*

[1] "Buck-skinned;" *i. e.* clad in buck-skin.—(PRINTER'S DEVIL.)

THE

AGE REVIEWED.

PART I.

Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit. Utere velis
Totos pande sinus,.....

..... Experiar quid concedatur in illos

THE

AGE REVIEWED.

PART I.

On! on! to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us.

ISLE of enchanting forms and lovely eyes,
Soft are thy breezes, bright thy beauteous skies;
Perennial plenty loads thy verdant lands
With glowing fruits untouch'd by slavish hands;

Free as the air that fans thy blooming vales,
Health in thy streams, and strength upon thy gales;
All that a people's prayer could ask from heaven,
To thee, my country, is profusely given:—
O long, engirdled with thy zone of waves,
The guard of freedom, and the foe of slaves,
Triumphant be thine ancient banners blown,
Thou Queen of isles upon thine ocean throne!

Here, pensive gazing from this shelvy height,
Till the dim ether deepens on the sight,
How dear the sea-view [1] to the patriot's eye,
How fresh the playful breezes rustling by!—

[1] It has become quite fashionable of late, to bray at the ocean, and weave verses as tumultuous as the billows. Still, in commencing a poem particularly devoted to this country, I trust the reader will excuse my paying my humble respects to her native sea;—the reflections will, perhaps, be such as he has often made:—he will, at the same time, pardon my inability to hear "*its white music*," or fancy its folding waves to arise from the "wriggling of that serpent of old."

Bright in its boundless spread of wreathing waves,
Beneath the frothy-mantled ocean laves ;
While snow-winged sea-gulls flutter on the spray,
Flap their moist plumes, and skim the breezy way.
There, distant vessels guided by the gale,
With swan-like motion, and unbosom'd sail,
Melt in the dim horizon's blue repose,
Where nestled clouds in piling phantoms close.

Oblivious here, of Albion's beggar'd state,
Feign would creative Fancy draw her great ;
Kingdoms and kings have found a fellow grave,
And short the storied valour of the brave ;
But, changeless still, her ocean girts the land,
Foams on the rock and wantons on the strand :
From this enduring grandeur of her sea,
We dream our Isle must flourish, while 'tis free—
'Tis but a dream—in memory's imaged glass
Visions of unforgotten empires pass :

Where now the empress of the palmy East
Proud of her walls, and gorgeous at the feast?
Where Greece, the well-remember'd classic clime
That bloom'd in science, and that fought sublime,—
And seven-hill'd Rome, whose eagles tower'd to sway,
When Goth and Vandal crush'd her steel'd array?
All, like the meteors of a Greenland sky,
Emblaz'd th' astounded world, and then passed by!—
As these fell once, may'st thou not, Britain, fall,
When crimes enfeeble, and thy sons enthrall;
Though suppliant nations feel thy living power,
These stain thy glories, and precede that hour
When self-defil'd, and inly overthrown,
Thyself will be thy vanquisher alone!

Let retrospect revive her sages fled,
Her peerless statesmen, and heroic dead;
And slighted Truth with quivering lip shall tell,
That Albion's Genius breathes her faint farewell,—

That inborn greatness sinks in vice away,
Her glories totter, and her rights decay.

"There are," the sophist cries, "who never fail
O'er *modern* things and *modern* times to wail,
Their jaundiced gaze and discontented eye
Select the faulty and the good deny;
With *partial* glimpse our germing merits hide,
Condemn for hate, and prophesy for pride;—
Let canters drivel, and the sour presage,
Long triumph yet our Saturnalian age!"—

Or "Age of virtues"—dare I mock the truth,
While perjured parents breed a perjured youth?[1]
When titled bawds are shrined in every Square,
For peers to pant and barons welter there;

[1] "Difficile est, Satiram non scribere.—Nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
..... Dicas hic forsitan, unde
Ingenium par materiæ?.... "
Juv. I.

Or shake their crested plumes in wriggling sport,
The blushless denizens of ball and court;
When spousal cheats and hoary-headed lust
Delight the wealthy and elude disgust,
When female love is barter'd like her bed,
And griping beldames force the maid to wed,—
And matrons wallow in eternal vice,
And palsied swindlers snivel o'er their dice;
While Berkeley blinds, and Lennox leads the vogue,
And fostering jails complete the fattened rogue [1]—
Each week with murders, and each day with crimes,
Sure easy spirits may applaud the times!!

[1] It is an ascertained fact, that many commit larceny to re-enter the prison where they were formerly so kindly treated! FEW of our prisons now require a Howard.

"A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;—
No spies were paid; no special juries known;
Blessed age!—but, ah! how different from our own."

JOHNSON.

"Woe!" cries Britannia, sovereign of the sea,
How sinecures and Germans [1] plunder me;
Around my borrowed purse the world is met,—
The greatest donor with the greatest debt!
To me, the princely vagabonds resort,
And well I cram the minions of my court;
Wet-nurse for aliens, and their toading trains,
I waste my mint and desolate my plains;
Vellutis tickle well mine ancient dames,
And purse their coins for piping up their flames.—
Yes!—smooth-chinn'd eunuchs, if they twirl and squall,
Mince to the peerage, and be pimps for all,—
From my domain may pick voluptuous fare,
And rise a Crœsus for a gargled air! [2]

[1] I should like to know why a *certain* miserly prince is paid yearly the enormous sum of £50,000!! Is it on account of a late connubial connexion so honourable to him?—he would then shew but decent gratitude in distributing a little of the lavished money over that country, which he, with a whole *posse* of sinecured gentry, is yearly helping to beggar.

[2] While famine was raging throughout the poorer classes—while half a million of Britons were literally swooning through starvation, in the public streets,—the papers announced, that some of the nobility were soliciting Signor Velluti to *condescend* to return for

Though houseless see my starving peasants pine,
And grunting Malthus [1] beckon to the Line:—
Deluded, drain'd, with fretful freedom left,
My revenue gasping and my commerce reft,
While grooms and jockies shone for star-bright peers,
And half my Ministry wore asses' ears,—
I'VE paid to burst each bubble as it passed,
And so I SHALL till one myself at last!"

What patriot's soul can unregretful feel
A beggared land of enervating weal,
Resign the vigour of her native host,
And ape the vices of an alien coast?

£3,000 to pipe at the Opera House for another season!! CONDESCEND!!—Heaven preserve us from ITALIAN condescension! Query: How was it that this same Signor eunuch CONDESCENDED to attempt to cheat the English ladies that sang for his benefit? It seems the country was not quite so meanly sluggish to allow THIS to pass unresented: he was properly hooted from it by the public hate.

[1] According to the sage parson Malthus, the country is over populated; and that, if some thousands of the unemployed peasantry were shipped off, convict-like, to Van Diemen's Land, &c. &c. the country would be more prosperous.

Relaxed in manner and debased in form,
Where once we fronted—now we sneak to charm;
A herd of sycophants from cot to crown,
We hire the smile, and bribe away the frown.

Quenched now the olden spirits' dauntless fire
No flattery purchased and no arts could tire;
Refining meanness gilds the manlier part,
And Gallic treach'ries find an English heart;
Now, honied tongues can prostitute their praise,
And wheedle softly though the rancour blaze;
Now Interest fetters Passion's free-born right,
Matures the malice, but conceals the spite,
While toaders' throats are parched with venal blab,
This hand to greet—and that retain'd to stab;
The heart devotes that mastery nature gave,—
The foe a fawner, and the free a slave:
This lost—though England's liberty remains,
Her pigmies suffer self-inflicted chains;

What chains more fettering could the despot find
Than those which shackle thought and slave the mind?

When first the Uncreate created man,
And living beauty through the image ran,
While pressed his naked grace the breathing earth,
What mounting energies proclaimed his birth?
Serenely proud, his burnished brow as free
As God's undying heir was framed to be:
Survey the world—there crawl an insect race,
Who pawn their conscience to secure a place;
And crouch idolatrous to pampered pride,
And lick the spawn of patronage beside.

To creep the minion of tyrannic whim,
Abhor the villain—and yet smile on him;
To grasp a faithless hand with Friendship's touch,
List to the perjur'd lips, nor dare them such,—
Through hate to beam a parasitic glance,
And blast your honesty to seize a chance—

Can all the yellow slaves of *Condar's* mine
Repay such sacrifice at Falsehood's shrine?

Time was, ere avaricious Folly came,
To quench Content, and fan Ambition's flame,
When lowly Labour was well pleased to toil,
Till sterile earth became a teeming soil;
And arts industrious, in their kindred sphere
Made bluntness true, and poverty sincere;
Now, boundless schemes pervade the humblest breast,
And dreams of av'rice lure away its rest;
All perk beyond what Providence bestows,
And discontent in every bosom glows.

The rich and bloated swindle to be great,
While ravening tories glut upon the state;
For costly wealth each weekly Thurtell dies,
For money Brougham [1] cajoles, and Cobbett lies;

[1] What a pity it is, that Mr. Brougham does not examine himself, repent him truly of his former sins, and turn, (like many of

For this Sir Lopez [1] props his bribing pack,
And endless Eldon [2] swoons upon his sack;

his predecessors,) a tory. He may be assured, that Lord Eldon would then give him a silk gown, and Murray would pay better than Jeffrey, for a few cathartic articles, containing the flippant *hauteur* of toryism, instead of the less wholesome effluvia of *whiggery*. I fear he will find the Mechanic's Institution to be a "*losing concern*" in the long run.

[1] Sir Lopez! Who has not heard of Sir Lopez, the rich Jew, who has his arms quartered over the town hall in Heytsbury, with the following motto: "Quod tibi id alteri?"—did one ever hear of such enormous inconsistency?

[2] There is no one more ready than myself to admire Lord Eldon's integrity and resplendent talents; nor would I join the abuse that untempered rancour has thrown on him. (Vide another part of this Satire.) Still, his Lordship's best friends must allow, that he has stuck to the sack till the puerilities of old age have overtaken him: he may WISH to do justice, but certes—he is a dreadful long time about it; *exempli gratiâ*. His Lordship, some time since, on attempting to decide a cause, was told by Mr. Hart and the other counsel, that his Lordship had deferred his decision so long that they really had forgotten whether they were on the defendant's or plaintiff's side!! Perhaps his Lordship seldom asks—

> "..... Vir bonus est quis?
> Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat
> QUO MULTÆ, MAGNÆQUE SECANTUR JUDICE LITES."

It seems, too, that nothing has yet whispered in his ear—

> "*Solve* SENESCENTEM, *sanus equum*....."

We have certainly no right to interfere with people's private

This made scrip-loving Hume bamboozle Greece,
And saintly bevies croak the slave's release;
For this, sweet Wilks and eloquential Moore
Dug bubbling mines upon a mineless shore;
This gives to Coutts [1] the homage for the hiss,
And seats in Berkeley's arms the scenic miss,
Purloins respect to wipe a blotted name,
Gives Ball precedence, and Fitzherbert fame,—
Resistless claimant for the world's renown,
It crams the peerage,— but forsakes the crown!

habits; but the following anecdote, illustrative of Lord Eldon's *auri fames*, (the great epidemic of the day,) is of a public nature. It is the custom for the Chancellor always on the first day of Term, to give a public breakfast to the Judges, &c. &c. Some time since, his Countess' ill health prevented his giving this breakfast at his own residence; the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, kindly offered their hall, which was accepted—and *has been ever since!* where the breakfast is paid for by the Benchers. What a blessed thing it is to be bred to the law!—it is such a saving profession!

[1] Mrs. C. forms an admirable comment on the venalism of the times. Were she poor instead of rich, she would not have quite so many Scotch lords dangling by her side; nor quite so many fulsome parasites to publish her merits in print. The Coutts' FUSS is absolutely disgusting.

Through poverty what Newtons die unknown,
What gifted souls to kindlier realms have flown,—
What lofty powers of inspirated worth,
Have waned, like sunbeams from a barren earth?
While romp in lighted halls, the wanton jades,
Unmarked, unfed, ennobling merit fades;
No Howard's hand dispels penurious gloom,
To snatch one peerless spirit from the tomb:
Let worth and starving genius slight the bread,—
They live in tear-washed monuments when dead!

But why should dastard want dejected fly
The sneer of Folly, or Presumption's eye?—
'Tis not in venal coins or wealthy clan,
To shape the hero, or exalt the man;
For wealth, like titles rotting on a slave,
Emblazon's scoundrels, and tricks out the knave:—
What can ennoble W——y or G——all?[1]
Not all the millions of obtrusive B——ll.

[1] "What can ennoble knaves, or *fools*, or cowards,
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

What makes the villain and secures the crime,
The whig to bluster and the laureate ryhme?
What sucks the venom out from Jeffrey's quill,
Or heaves apostates up their former hill?
'Tis money all![1]—it buys the sotted land,—
Turns grandeur little, and the little grand!

Since pride of gold usurps the pride of birth,
And dignifies the vaunting scum of earth,
Each scurvy mongrel of a vile-born breed
Invades with money-bags, and takes the lead:
Prate not of times, whose chronicle records
Slaves raised to tyrants, beggars up to lords;
Our addled ones the finer wonder deem,
When tinkers spout, and Platos drive a team,

[1] "When I hae sixpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town,
But when I am poor, they bid me gae bye,
O, poverty parts good company!"
OLD SONG.

Cloth-ranting shouters for the people feel,
While bouncing shopmen bark the nation's weal!

"I'm first!" cries Fungus,[1] "unabash'd I'll stand,
Nor fear to balk the peerage of the land;
Though, scullion bred, my kitchen tones declare,
Should I deny—my mother baisted there:
I rival Farquhar with unnumbered hounds,
Italian palaces and myrtle grounds,—
What boots a doughty title more than these,
While Erskine's ragged widow craves her cheese
And Thespian punks prophane the stage by night,
To keep their peers by day, and titles bright?

[1] "Sed libertinus prior est. Prior, inquit, ego adsum.
Cur timeam dubitem ve locum defendere, quamvis
Natus ad Euphraten, molles quod in aure fenestræ
Arguerint, licet ipse negem? Sed quinque tabernæ
Quadraginta parant. Quid confert purpura major
Optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
Conductos Corvinus oves? Ego possideo plus
Pallante et Licinis.—Expectant ergo tribuni;
Vincant divitiæ; sacro ne cedat horori
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis."
Juv. I

More wealth than dwarf-fond [1] Beckford I possess,
Let Alban's dowdy own her pillage less,
Let Richmond wait, while Fungus leads the van,
The better fortune makes the better man!
Though, late, with shoeless feet I trod the town,
And every groat was then, a present crown."

From all the dust [2] of vulgar vileness sprung,
Their grandsires felons, and their fathers hung,

[1] Mr. Beckford lives in *perspicuous* retirement. Luxuriating sumptuously on his wealth, which he generously participates with a black dwarf; of course, we should be highly presuming were we to enquire, WHY he kept this deformed imp?—From the "milk of human kindness," assuredly.

[2] Our island serves as a sort of sink to drain the poor of other nations. Of all the foreign poachers, the French and Italian are the most obtrusive. The first either turn pimps for people of quality, squall bravuras at a fashionable conclave of midnight ideots, or pull their greasy whiskers over an "Italian Lesson." The last—(to save the trouble of a note in any other part of the work,) what spot of ground is not infected by them? They are the most frequent vagabonds of the street; they import all the obscenities and deistic

From Scotia's furzy isle marauders pour,
To cram their hungry mouths on England's shore;
In pocket empty, but replete in head,
The scraggy misers slink about for bread;
By trickish zeal, and temper ever raw,
They rise from tanning hides to dress the law:—
Good Birnie, [1] cease thy law-commanding jeer,
And, caustic Grahame, "doff" that wily sneer.

rankness of their country into ours; they feed on our charity; r
der people half ashamed of their own language; filch fortunes
the resources of innate duplicity; infest the purity of domestic
cles; or abduce some of our countrywomen; and then abuse us
our want of "POLITESSE, and cold manners!!" This is not a
they are patronized, stuffed, and almost deified, for their tale
while Britons, though of equal talent, are left to plod on in the p
of obscurity.

[1] Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies;
The sot assumes the RULE of WIT,
And cowards make the base submit.
BUTLER.

Next, filthy France turns out a shrivelled lot,
Who, vagrant-like, deem ours the grazing spot;
These flexile mopes, how Fashion's creatures feed,
While *native* merit sinks in toil-worn need!
There is enchantment in their Gallic [1] grace,—
Though flushing smiles illum'd a Judas' face:—
Their pristine *greatness* with the Bourbon's fell,
A footman's pay,—or lacquey to some *belle!*
Grovelling at first, the sycophantic herd
Wince on, like donkies by the goader stirred:
Till nosy gabble, mouth'd to boy and lass,
Exalts the dullards to a pedant class;
Then, bloated rogues, like unrequiteful guests,
They taunt the isle that garb'd her naked pests!

Mark yon incondite, fat, obtrusive thing,
Begot a vagabond, th' assembly's king!

[1] "Non sumus ergo pares; melior qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum?"
Juv. III.

See on his bladdered lip the tale proclaim'd,—
"Heir of a sumptuous wretch, that died defam'd!"—
Alike adopted to his crimes and purse,
Sad by his couch, and smiling at his hearse;
To vice-drunk age a cringing minion he,
That gulped a heirship for an after fee:
And dares the money-gorging demon sleep
While pillaged orphans o'er his knav'ry weep?
Will wakeful justice brand the cankered rogue,
Or angry Virtue chase him from the vogue?—
On him will Carlton House and Almacks smile,
And lustful jilts besiege him in Carlisle,[1]—
For him will widows prowl, and virgins freak,
And itching beldames patch their yellowed cheek!

[1] Oh, Mrs. Fry!—Why go to Newgate?—Why
Preach to poor rogues? And wherefore not begin,
With Carlton, or with other houses? Try
Your hand at hardened and imperial sin:
To mend the people's an absurdity,
A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
Unless you make their betters better:—Fie!—
I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

Bernardo's nipped and dry; his eyes are sore,
The dice, the girl, and "Finish" spell no more;
Not Gaul's lacivious airs, or curse obscene,
Beguile lumbago or allure his spleen;
Like blighted stumps amid the forest trees,
That wave no foliage to the wooing breeze—
He mopes forgot in unpartaking age,
Where round him Folly's merry minions rage,
Till Pity sends a fond symphonious friend
To cheat his offspring, and ensure his end;—
A parasite for all the dotard's fear,
To nurse his smile and patronize his tear.
In curtain'd scenes a ductile part he'll take,
Uncork the draught,—or else a poison make,
Or split his brown-bak'd lips with wanton jokes,
While laughter wrinkles, and the theme provokes;
Then paints his youth—revives each slumbered sense,
And lectures deep on Lust's omnipotence;—
Till sapless limbs are warmed, and Passion's fire
From mould'ring flesh would fain again respire!

While needy Virtue walks a rugged road,
Content to bear the anguish of her load,
How daring hectors rise to prouder spheres,
How Impudence her upstart feather rears!
So, on the torpid bosom of a pool,
With fetid smoothness to the margin full,
We mark the gleaming foulness on the face,—
The stream of freshness finds a lower place!

How vile the craft by which the coffer's fill'd,
And viler knaves in venal homage skill'd:
Some fertilize by rending others poor,
Serenely banking on a borrowed store;
The *ton*, by festive luxury heap their mine,
Where midnight gambling pays for water'd wine;
The brave, by tuneful lies ensure their gain—
See Rowland's grease, and Teian Wright's champagne—
While baseless splendour and ephem'ral show,
Exalt the tumid meanness of the low.

Superbly, see the trader's costly bale
Roll on the counter for a speedy sale;—
His silken fripp'ries [1] and thick-plated glass
Arrest the stare of each astounded ass:
Still, purses warm within the pocket sleep,
Unwaken'd there, but by th' arousing "*cheap*;"
Meantime, the counter-lord is fop complete,
With oil-consuming hair and Chinese feet;
The priggish coat, and neckcloth's wavy fold,
Encasing waistcoat, and rich chains of gold,
Array the frizzled, ceremonious bilk,
Fine as his flaring wreaths of smuggled silk:—
He keeps a groom, and "blood," and sabbath chaise,
"His wife quotes novels, and his daughter plays,"—
Gives monthly balls, and quaffs his cellar'd wines,
Games like a peer, and not till evening dines:
No Indian Nabobs more tyrannic swell
Than this same connoisseur of yard and ell,

[1] The Gallic mania has woefully affected the tradesmen. There are few shops now, that do not display some fripperies and dazzling trumperies from France.

Till crashing creditors arouse with fears,
And George's Act absolves the long arrears!

A den [1] there is in London's fuming town,
To house the purseless, and protect the crown,
Where high-born rogues and common cheats are met
To share the easy purgat'ry of debt;
Here, safe from bailiff hunt, what herds retreat,—
The stately villain, and accomplished cheat—
The wasteful profligate—the orphan's foe,
And all the vile that hell would roast below.
Far down the court extends the oblong pile,
With grated windows and o'er-slanting tile;
Within, are seething rooms well stuffed with rogues,
Where sound the mingling tones of various brogues,

[1] The King's Bench was, no doubt, intended for a benevolent institution. But nothing has been more diabolically abused. It is the source of many a broken heart, and of many beggared families. The profligate and dissipated look to it as the haven of rest; the gaol where, after a due refreshment, and a further initiation into the mysteries of cozening, they start off again, with revigorated powers to renew the race.

And muddled loungers on a sheetless crib,
Grunt the loud curse, and snort the vulgar squib:
Without, well-pleased pedestrians trill the song,
Or puff their pipe-smoke on some gabbling throng;
While active others, 'gainst the circled wall,
With wiry bats hurl up the mounting ball;—
Or, still as logs, upon a narrow seat,
Lay out their limbs and doze away the heat:
Oh! blest beyond cool Academus' grove,
Where Britain lets her sage-like debtors rove;
To nurse them well, and scour their vileness clean,
Then turn them out to be—what they have been!!

Mark! now, how usurers [1] teem with greedy bait,
Those harpies feeding on the ruined great;

[1] Notwithstanding the usury laws, it is well known, that usury still subsists in all its direful realities. Jews and Christians are alike the sharers of this griping practice; the former are, indeed, worthy the appellation of dogs. They are filthy in person, and filthier in mind; petrified against humanity, preferring gold to the

Secure they cozen by illegal aid,
Feed on the wretched and enjoy their trade!
Of swindlers most abhorred—the blank-faced Jews,
Colleagued with brokers and their monied crews,
Sneak through the land to cozen and enmesh,
Like Shakspeare's, ready for the coins or flesh;—
The world's collected scum from ev'ry zone,
Would shame these men-hounds that defile our own.
Look on the Jew-dog!—how the living pest
Palls on the gaze, and heats the loathing breast,—
A filthy minion garbed in smeary rags,
With yellowed visage, jewel-case or bags,
And ferret eyes that with *Lyncèan* stare,
Would penetrate th' attracting pocket bare;—
Alert for victims, through the allies dark
He roams, a lender to the sinking spark;

very flesh on their bodies; and of course to other people's. It is dreadful to think of the calamitous consequences, occasioned by these outcasts, to young men of dissipation.

And grants some squeezing pittance for a bond,
Till houseless heirs from bartered rights abscond.

Of yore, obtrusive knaves were rare, I ween;
Then, steeled banditties lurk'd in caves unseen;
But, mark the privilege of modern times,
When thievish bands can *advertise* their crimes!
Convulsed with plans, what [1] "Companies" unite,
Bait their nice hook, and get the dupes to bite:—

[1] The future historian, who shall relate the domestic occurrences of eighteen hundred and twenty-six, will certainly present some interesting memoirs for posterity. No doubt, nineteen hundred and twenty-six will be weaving *tales* to illustrate the national cheats and unblushing bilks of eighteen hundred and twenty-six. The Joint Stock Companies, have presented an original picture of undaunted, unrepented villainy, only to be matched by the bamboozling pirates that purloined the succours from Greece. We must have looked uncommonly glorious in the eyes of surrounding nations a few months since; when every day brought with it an account of some fresh discovered cheats! It was not one solitary thief that shone in the light of infamy; not two; no, not a dozen; —but gallant bands!—COMPANIES of sleek-mouthed rogues, who united to filch and advertised their capabilities!! And yet other Companies, phœnix-like, are beginning to rise from the ashes of the last:—

"..... illos
Defendit numeros, junctæ que umbone phalanges."

Tremendous ones for coke, and salt, and steam,
For starching bed-gowns and for skimming cream;
For horseless coaches and potatoe flour,
For tea well venomed, and for wine soon sour,—
Or schemes for distant mines,—as yet all clay,
For South-sea islands, and for Sligo Bay!

Of schemes so comprehensive, who had heard!
Some bought a glorious whole, or modest third:
At once their gold-creative eyes adore
The fattening int'rest and the heaping ore:—
Alas! the primal schemers pocket shares,
Conductors wrangle, and each noodle stares!—
Then, like a sluice the "Company" disembogues,
And proves its boasted stock—a stock of rogues!
But knaves, like heroes, gain applausive meed,—
A brand unfading for a fadeless deed!
Now, who to dull oblivion leaves his name,
That can embalm it in immortal shame?—
Then let undaunted Wilks exult to be,
The rogue's watch-word to all eternity!

Ill fated Greece! by Pagan spoil prophaned,
By Britons plundered, and by Moslems chained!—
Time-honoured soil, where god-like Plato taught,
Where Pindar sung, and Spartan valour fought;—
Thy storied clime now moist with Hellic gore,
Thy martyred freedom,—who will not deplore?
What tear-dimmed eyes, where shattered Corinth stands
O'er viewing ramparts piled by sluggish hands,
And sculptured pillars mould'ring to the ground,
Where once th' Acropolis defiance frown'd,—
In far-recalling dreams those glories see,
When bloomed thy clustered isles, superb and free!
Who muses near a spot by Moslems won,
Nor thinks of heroes met on Marathon?

To burst the fetters of this sunken land,
And rescue Hellas from her grisly band,—
This deed of greatness and perennial fame,
Became thee, Albion, rival of her name:
And one there *was*, Britannia's pilgrim bard
Whose genius graced the clime he came to guard:

Achaia's soil he sought—there doomed to die,
Remembered Hellas sped his parting sigh![1]

Detested bondsmen,—[2] ye who groaned for Greece,
Alert to bungle, and combined to fleece,
When pilfered England heard the freeman's moan,
And kindling patriots gave the needed loan;
What meanness weltered in your blackened heart,
That Greece was robbed, and Plunder hugg'd its part?
Oh! when can guilt more tainted vileness show,
Than guardians clutching from the wreck'd and low;—

[1] Dulce reminiscitur moriens Argos.

[2] "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung;"....
That H——e and B——g joined to fleece,
Though Fauntleroy and Thurtell hung!!....

How many ways there now are of acquiring fame! The prophet Irving is of opinion, "that our pride is a proof of our immortality;" let us add, "a downright, daring, never-flinching cheat DESERVES it." I am sure the Phillenic Member of Parliament; the Greek patriot will live in the page of well remembered villanies when all his speeches are forgotten, and the "M. P." sinks in inglorious oblivion.

Contracting canters wailing Freedom's cause,
To filch her succours and demand applause?
May future ages never learn the cheat
Of thief-committees, and forewarned defeat,
The rifled thousands and th' averted loan,
Of Cochrane's boats, and Perga overthrown!—
Where idled Stanhope when th' Ipsariots fled?—
A bungling stroller though the Pasha sped;
While squabblers sulk'd, and bondsmen schem'd for gain,
And blood disast'rous drench'd the dead-piled plain:—
Thou blubb'ring sophist, baffled with thy crime,
Go, Bowring, pen thy psalming strains sublime!—
Nor let the well-hissed H——e [1] or E——e dare
To lift their perjured heads in freedom's air,—

[1] "..... IMPUDENCE!
Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses
To whom the costly perfumed people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
Mine eyes to steady sapphires.—Turn my visage;
And, if I must needs blush, let me blush inward!"

Till truth and patriotic justice cease,
The beaconed infamy of captive Greece.

The gorgeous fabric of a giant mind
For pure and mystic majesty designed,
When ruined by subverting passion's sway,
And each immortal impress worn away;
Unbinds the heart-spring of regretful tears,
While wondering pity wakens into fears:—
And such feel they, lorn Greece, who look on thee,
Thou wither'd nurse of time-born Liberty!—
Decaying remnant of blood, war, and crime,
The wreck of glory, in thy tomb sublime!

If from their grave the spectre dead could rise,
How would the vengeance flame from heroes' eyes,

Of such a nature, we may reasonably suppose Mr. Hume's soliloquy to be, ere he entered Parliament after the unfortunate ..
.....

The warm hand rush along the living lyre,
While all the poet thrilled with patriot fire,—
To mark this cradle of the world's renown,
Racked, slaved, and sunk beneath a tyrant's frown!
And ye, the vassals of the sabred throng,
Arouse! let "Freedom" be your battle song;
Think on the sleepless fame of ages fled,
The serf-like living,—and the glorious dead!
So shall the gathered wrath of cent'ries fell,
Till grim-eyed Slavery shriek her wild farewell.

To heap the book-froth of these scrawling times,
Though hot-pressed darlings spin Phillenic rhymes;
Though, like the bull frogs round a miry pool,
We croak,—till every magazine is full;
Will all the din-dong of our dolorous strains,
Beat the black Turk, or loose the clanking chains?
Come forth, my country!—cease the coward verse,
And let the weapon wield your tuneful curse:

Let the wild war plume bend upon the gale,
And freemen vanquish while the despots quail,
Unmarred thy prowess by a pilfering crew,—
Till Freedom flourish where her heroes slew:
So shall the after-fame of ages read,
This never-dying record of thy deed,—
'Twas Britain bade the blight of Slavery cease,
And graved the ransom in each heart of Greece!

Behold our peasantry, once "England's pride."
While baleful luxury her boon denied!
The wasting lust of Avarice has spoiled,[1]
Those humble homes where honest hands have toil'd.

[1] Some accuse Goldsmith of describing "what was not the fact," when he wrote his "Deserted Village;" alas! that poem is now realized. There are some people who laugh at miseries they have never seen, and fail to sympathize with those they never experienced; they will tell us, that we fancy evils. But this is paltry, wilful delusion. Want, vice, and famine, have been, and still are, oppressing the village poor. The neat, cheerful cottage home is rare; and what is of almost equal importance, the cottage manners,

Forced from his cottage shed, the peasant flies,
And mansions o'er his crumbled hamlet rise;
Where stood of yore, the arbour's leaf-twined seat—
That shady summer bower where friends could meet—
Destructive tyrants pile their cumbrous stone,
And waiting smiles of gratitude disown.

Ye wealthy wolves! that glut while Famine rears
Her pale-worn visage dimmed with dripping tears,
Can gorgeous deserts feed your greedy sight,
Or unpartaken pomp the heart delight?
More blissful are the smiles of humble praise,
More sweet the lingering eye's delighted gaze,
Than all the grandeur of gigantic domes,
Apart from sheltered cots and nestling homes.

and morals are polluted by town corruptions. Why are the farmers and country gentlemen ashamed to be what their ancestors were some years back? Avarice, cold-heartedness, and emulative foppery, are ill exchanged for generosity, kindness, and honest but manly humility.

Dear was the scene that wiled the wand'rer's eye,
Ere Pomp arose, and Avarice pealed her cry;—
The moss-roofed palace of the lowly swain,
Serenely smiling on his green domain:
And oft the way-worn pilgrim sighed to share
The hamlet home, and calm sequestered there;
When paused he pensive on the sultry road,
Cool'd his warm brow, and eased his cumb'ring load:
The curling column of spontaneous smoke,
That flowed where'er th' alluring breezes broke,
The front parterre and nodding tulip bed,
The flowery range empaled from infant tread,—
Oh! plenteous these were wont the eye to greet,
When healthful labour stored the cot's retreat:
Here, too, his week of summer labour past,
One balmy eve brought rich repose at last;
Then, haly parents seated near their door,
Partook the welcome pipe, and cupboard store,
Or wiffed its cloudy perfume in the air,
While gamb'ling urchins trac'd it round their chair.

Alas! now rarely seen such sylvan bliss—
The farm's precluding space has plundered this!

Severe and desolate the peasant's doom,
Now passed in hunger and released in gloom;
Each day commenced with toil, in famine ends,
No home endears him, and no hand befriends:
With labour ill repaid through dismal years,
His very joys are sprinkled o'er with tears;
Condemned to famish or to SLAVE for bread,
That boon is wasted e'er his babes are fed;
No relic left for future woes to hide,
Cheer a bleak night or help an honest pride,—
He turns inebriate to forget his grief,
And wastes the sordid hire that mocked relief;
Or, tamed by toil, entreats an unseen Power,
For death to hasten that releasing hour,
When lording wealth shall tyrannize no more,—
And shiv'ring orphans throng the workhouse door!

E'er yet the town's corruptions soiled the swain,
The Sabbath smiled upon the village plain;
Then, pure the sight on that refreshing morn,
When softly swelling, far the bells were borne,
And while around their lingering music pealed,
Congenial throngs came tripping o'er the field;
Or, clad in neat array, a prattling train
Paced slowly o'er the church-yard's upward lane;
Or, pensive strolled along its elm-lined walk,
In all the grave simplicity of talk:
The grey-haired sire, leaned on his grandson's stay,
Taught playful youth to reverence the day;
Though rare his locks, he loved the burial ground,
And moralized by each remembered mound.
Revered by all, the decent pastor came,
With grateful whisperings to precede his name;
Doffed hats and bends, close by the crowded porch,
And urchin smiles to greet him to his church;—
Then smoothed each head, and all devoutly staid
To worship where their peaceful fathers prayed.

'Tis altered now!—the flouncing garb and air,
The thankless mumble, and the dressy glare,—
Or groom-like rector,[1] useless as his hounds,
And farmers moaning o'er their trampled grounds;
Or else a classic curate, sourly thin,
A seventh day's Image of incarnate Sin,
That yawns an hour o'er his narcotic line,
(Some wordy pillage from a dead divine)—
With ale-house brawls, the city vice and sots,
And sullen boors that damn their shredless lots,—
These sorry traits denote the Sabbath-day,
Where village manners dwindle and decay!

Not POPULATION, but discarded modes,—
Those purer ones imported vice explodes,—
And tumid landlords' avaricious zeal,
Unman the peasant and subvert his weal:

[1] Let me not be understood as meaning any irreverent contempt towards our holy church, or to its ministers, as a body. Though a Church-of-England-man, I most sincerely wish, that some of our young curates, and fox-loving rectors, would reform.

The farmer apes the fripperies of the cit,
His sumptuous garment and his feast-bred wit;
The gay domestics, and the splendid house,
His dancing daughters and expensive spouse;
While wealth exclusive, rends the tillage poor,
And want expels the tenant from his door!
How times are changed!—where now the open hall,
And free carousal once dispensed to all?
The yearly jocund board, and "audit ale,"
The mirthful guests, the Christmas fire and tale,—
And sturdy host, whose all-presiding care,
Warmed with the gladdened hearts then beating there?
And what will England be in after times,
Her famished peasants sent to stranger climes[1]?

[1] Transport our poor peasantry!!—well, that SOUNDS political. At any rate, we should have more room in that case to receive imported beggars; for whiskered yellow-cheeked Italians, and Gallic footmen, dressed up for French teachers. Perhaps, Mr. Sharon Turner's observation will not be criminally introduced here. "The MORE population tends to press upon the quantity of subsistence in any country, the more it also tends to increase it. As the pressure begins, the activity and ingenuity of mankind are roused to provide it." We all know the "ingenuity

Each spot monopolized by griping hands,
And ill-paid helots fainting on their lands,—
The farm luxurious in its pomp alone,
The tillage barren, and the cot o'erthrown!

Now quit the country, and survey with scorn,
How money rules the state, as well as corn;
See furbished traders, panting to be great,
Desert the till, to meliorate the state;
One pompous morn foretels their cheapened sale,
When counter glories vanish with the bale;
Then fled to town, each grunting statesman goes,
With seer-like eye, and diplomatic nose;
A bribed Sir Lopez gets the varlet's seat,
And well-paid jaws his half-day honours greet:—
"See'st thou nought there?" behold! th' elected comes,
Helped on by streaming emblems, fifes and drums.

of the Malthusian disciples." I wish the country were relieved of a few of its political scribblers. I am sure we can spare to trans port a few of these instead of the labourers. Every peasant is worth fifty government grubs.

Let Cobbett, Hunt of *matchless die*, unite,
Then, sceptics! dare to quake for public right!
Amid the booted tullies, firmly grand,
They'll vote the taxes from the cumber'd land;
Astounded, pale, the ministers shall fly,
And dazzled Canning dream the king is nigh;
Burdett, nor caustic Tierney shall control,
And rotten boroughs once again be whole!

Alas! survey the embryo M. P's there,
With sneaking flutter, and oft-finger'd hair;
One feels his eloquence inspire a snooze—
One gives his vote—the t'other can't refuse!
Shame to the sunken state—to Britain's pride,
That e'en when beggar'd helms a world beside;
Since bloated traders [1] represent our isle,
And chandlers cater for th' Election's smile.

[1] Quintillian says, no man can be an orator without he is a good man. "Oratorem autem instituimus illum perfectum, qui esse, nisi vir bonus, non potest." Look over our Parliamentary list for the

Shall wall-famed minions there unscouted sit,
Where Pitt and Sheridan once flashed their wit?
How will the country look to rival states,
When honest Wilks, or Easthope legislates!—
How must her Constitution's glories bloom,
Through jobbing Ellice, and piratic Hume?

present session, and when was England so degraded? How will it read hereafter, that

"Earth's dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen"

was PARTLY legislated by a brood of published scoundrels, hucka-back merchants, printers, wine tasters, brokers, and

"Ambaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, minæ, balatrones; hoc genus omne?"

It certainly matters not what that man's former condition was, who has made himself competent to represent his country; but, more than half of the present members are UTTERLY unqualified; they have crept into Parliament, bribed and bribing—though I forgot—we live under a FREE government: Besides, "M. P." is somewhat convincing at the end of a name; for instance, "John Wilks, Esq. M. P."—"Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P."—And what do the field-bred clouts in Parliament? Why, wear out their leathern breeches by a few hour's fidgets, and scribble franks for Cousins and Co.!

Time was, when great abroad, and brave at home,
Her Senate's genius rivalled pristine Rome;
And tongues unchained by dullness or by hire
Proclaimed the patriot with Athenian fire:—
There is an eloquence in Canning's eye,
And classic verdure in his rich reply,
A thoughtful vigour in perspicuous Peel,—
But how will ragamuffins speak or feel,
That job-inspired, to Stephen's mansion flock,
To turn the parliament a jointed stock?

With M. P. swelled, behold th' up-risen race
Thrust in by bribes to fill a barter'd place;
To drizzle speeches, and like pug-dogs perk,
In halls once hallow'd by the lips of Burke:—
Unfold a partial list,—prig Waithman's tones
Roll o'er the benches like an owlet's moans,
A bouncing, bellowing—pertinacious cit,
With fluent shop-slang and abortive wit.

Next, pigmy [1] Easthope of the melting mould,
Sneaks by with Wilks, renowned for stock in gold;
(The last might load the Speaker's honoured chair,
And face the members, as he faced the Mayor.)
While letter'd Gye, [2] elected by the sheep,
On Bish's balmy bosom slumbers deep!—
When torpid numskulls clog St. Stephen's fane,
What cleansing cure shall blot the empire's stain?
Oh! might one hiss the motley forum fill,
And drive the mongrells to their former till.

At Palace yard, since spuming hucksters rant,
The lowest ding their Demosthenic cant;

[1] In my opinion, a chandler, or any tradesman, is a far more reputable character than an abortive, presumptuous, representative of nothing-at all, in Parliament.

[2] Mr. Gye was a very respectable printer, who obtained the votes of the good Chippenham folks, by the timely presentation of multitudinous bags of wool. I am not certain, if Mr. G. did not ride triumphantly into Chippenham on the top of one of them.

What mingling politics our tap-rooms hear,
Where brains unloaded rattle through the ear?
And lying journals and their scurfy news,
Are picked and garbelled for the trite abuse?
Here snip and cobler, and sleek-coated cit,
O'er ale delirious, like a Senate sit;
While still and crafty lolls the dog-eyed Jew,
Or trails his beard, awaken'd to the view;
Here, cat-gut lords, oblivious of their tunes,
Slake their dry thirst, and drivel street lampoons;—
Though shrivell'd, slav'ring, bald and quaintly blind,
In State affairs, can Orpheus be behind?—
Calm blinks the dog beneath his passive feet,
While from his throat, out-peals the stun complete.

Next comes the traveller, with redeeming eye,
And squaring elbow, most sedately dry;
Anon, his sated mouth the cup foregoes,—
To deal forth reason as he dealt out hose!

"Then last not least," divulged upon his chair,
With full-moon face and idiotic stare,
The punchy cit reclines, sublimely staunch;
Shaped like a barrel from his neck to paunch;
There, lolled supine, he empts the awful pipe,
And clears his muzzle with a finger's wipe,
Spreads his round legs into a compass form,
Spits on the grate,—and now begins the storm!
Peel, Grey, and Liverpool, are faddling fools,—
The lords and ministers evasive tools;—
And Eldon too—the comprehensive heart,
Where Grub Street hirelings blunt their knavish dart;
Is nimbly settled, with a sweeping gibe,
The venal leader of a venal tribe:
Thus England, with thy pot-house patriots blest,
What dreaming terrors startle Freedom's rest!

By letter'd venom, spill'd from Perjury's quill,
And forging libels framed with caustic skill;

Through Hunt[1] that revels in his godless slang,
And sweats with Cobbett for Carlile and gang,—
In every rank a factious spirit reigns,
And Giles' Gracchi rave o'er galling chains;—
Let some heroic blacksmith heat their zeal,
Shout forth Liberty, and supply the steel;

[1] Hunt, the Examiner man, Cobbett, Carlisle, and all the nameless furbishers of atheistic blasphemies, are those minions who invariably arise from a disordered country; they are the offspring of faction, just as horn-flies teem from the dung heap;—they live on the rotten. How it is possible, that such an apostate, so paltry-minded a demagogue as Cobbett, can excite respect in any bosom, seems to me more than paradoxical. What are his tenets? what have been, and what are his actions? He lives on weekly libels:—

"Himself a living libel on mankind."

He has talents;—"is the first political writer in this country,"—cries Counseller Kirnann. But these talents only increase his shame. Domitian, Nero, and a thousand storied scoundrels of antiquity, were talented; but do we like them the better? Could there be a greater proof of Cobbett's nauseous heart, than his conduct with regard to Paine's bones? Supposing it were true, as these atheistic revilers aver, that our religion is a mere humbug, still there is some little respect to the religion of the country; to the religion that redeemed us from papistical despots, and the creed for which Cranmer died.

Or else, some Connell with the "Liberal" whoop,
While quibbling Wellesley heads a sculking troop,
Convoke his bullies and provide a clan,
With Hume and Taylor preaching at their van;
Then Rome's pure priesthood in their stainless gowns,
Shall chant "Millenium!" through the fields and towns!!

The dirtiest knaves that crawl their slimy way,
From growling Shiel, to guiders of a dray,
Now froth the bubbles of POLITIC speech,
And scourge the virtue, vileness fails to reach!
Oh! 'tis a loathsome sight, for eye to see
The nauseous reptiles of each mean degree,
Spit forth their curses, on our ancient laws,
Unrip their failures, or create their flaws,—
Protrude for government the fool's amend,
And hurl the statutes,—where the "Liberals" tend;—
Or pour anathemas 'gainst rich and great,
Ungown the clergy, and denounce the state,

And prove from Hunt and Cobbett's weekly moan—
That palaces do not become the throne!

While fuming democrats pollute the age,
And perjur'd talents pander for their rage,
Who looks unmoved, or feels no scornful glow
Against each infidel—the country's foe?—
I love my land,—the breeze upon its hills,
Its green clad mountains, woods, and trickling rills;
I love the clime whose favoured sons are free,
And think, of Isles, there's none to equal thee—
But while thy furious foes in plots combine,
May every Briton's soul-breathed prayer be mine;—
"God keep the demagogue from Church and State,
And bury villains in exhausted hate!"

Pregnant with prophecy and sage surmise,
Fast as they choose predicting patriots rise;
Such warring clamours heat their rapid tongues,
These patriots risk the welfare of their lungs!

Like Vulcan's iron, mounts the clenching hand,—
Its fall portends the thraldom of the land!
One cries, with stick held out, like Aaron's rod,
"The people's murmur is the voice of God!"

The "Patriot" dwindles to our cheapest word,—
A man now seldom seen, though always heard;
One "Patriot" turns a radical obscene,
And makes the name an engine of his spleen;
The base haranguer of a baser gang,—
Or flippant master of indecent slang;
Another "Patriot" bubbles up to perch
Upon the pinnacle of State and Church,
And bribing courtiers for each vacant hole,
Gulps down what dregs the minister may dole;
The last mean "Patriot" tunes apostate ding
In *pseudo* verse, to canonize a king!

Ye tinkling twisters of malignant rhyme,
Ye Hunts and Cobbetts who purvey for crime,

Ye Shiels and Connells—all ye remnant vile,
That lie for lucre, and subsist on guile,—
Can aught of PATRIOTIC fervour grace
The heart-corruptions of your reptile race?
Will the foul frothings of ignoble spite
Protect your country, or the freeman right?
Go!—dip your nasty quills in Grub-Street mire,
Traduce for malice, and lampoon for hire;
Cling to the cursed columns that ye scrawl,
Like bloated beetles on a slime-lick'd wall,—
There mask the foulness of your covert aim,
And strut in all the energy of shame!

England's true "Patriot" scorns all plot and sect,
No maniac he, to riot or project;
No hot-brain'd schemer for a scheming clan,—
He sees in ev'ry face his fellow man!
His country deeming 'bove all hate or pelf,
He makes her cause no shelter for himself;

To public right, and public freedom true,
He takes the gen'ral, not the partial view:
In peace,—no crafty oracle for knaves,
Or saucy trumpet for the mob that raves;
In war, the first to fill the hero's part,
He wields his weapon with a British heart;
Whate'er his rank, supplantless in one cause,—
No clamours shake him, and no fear withdraws:
Like some grey ocean rock, whose wave-lash'd base
Awes back the plunging waters as they race,—
Though round it, swelling surges bound and rise,
Its steady top still beacons to the skies!

Foremost of demagogues, and dirty bores,
Whose plaintive grunt eternal ill deplores,
See Cobbett rise,—with brutish pride to reign,
The bone-preserver of th' accursed Paine;
With proper page to print each vile attack,
The "Herald's" mouth-piece, and the butt for Black:

Detested "Patriot!" whose mean tongue can turn,
Well lick Burdett,[1]—and then the patron spurn,—
Though thy rank pen be dipp'd in miscreant gall,
To soil thy betters, and to poison all,—
Deem not, foul renegade, there's none can see
The buried hypocrite, alive in thee!
Though Paddy Kernan spout thine impious line,
And crazy Connell deem'd thee once divine:
Thine aim well-rob'd in patriotic vest,
Gleams forth traducive, in each wild protest,—
Thou liv'st but to enjoy thy pestful ire,
And lay the fuel for Rebellion's fire;
To drive Religion from her hallow'd fane,—
With heart of Thurtell, and with head of Paine!

[1] That Cobbett should traduce and be an ingrate after receiving Burdett's bounty, is not remarkable. It would be unreasonable to expect pure water from a muddy horse pond. But that a man of Sir Francis Burdett's birth and acquirements, should link himself with Cobbett, is more than remarkable. I suppose HE had his reasons.

Obscure in print, but splendid on our shoes,
Unmatched in Billingsgate, for black abuse,—
Grossness in port, and baseness in his eye,
I see the Punch of hustings dangle by,—
The farmer's Alfred,—brazen-visaged Hunt,[1]
Whom Baron Leatherbrains can scarce confront;
Embalm'd in dunghills,—figur'd on the wall,—
In universal fame, Hunt beats them all!

Who can forget that never-equall'd day,[2]
When, fresh from gaol, he mov'd the coach-lin'd way,

[1] Those who are partial to "character" must admire Mr. Orator Hunt. There is no man in this kingdom that lies so magnanimously—so unrelentingly bold—so like a "*genuine*" John Bull. He is none of your half hinters—drawling, whining, suppositionists; he will lie in the face of thousands; and batter with falsehoods the plainest proof. Those who have heard him enunciate his most celebrated falsehoods, and marked the flashing impudence of his eye, will join with me in awarding him unrivalled fame for mendacity. In this respect—

"His *name* will be his epitaph alone."

[2] I happened to be walking up Norfolk-street, just as Hunt made his "triumphant entry" along the Strand. He seemed to have fattened in goal: there was altogether an increasing insolence in his

In car triumphant, and with crimson cloak,—
The donkies brayed and chimnies ceas'd to smoke!
Such hands were tongued, such pipes were split with cries,
All thought that Ilchester had lost a prize!—
Propitious pair! heroic duo hail!
So nicely fitted for a modern jail,—
Mob-courting rivals of th' Athenian two,
What monument shall Britain rear for you?
Oh! calmly wait till death's surprizing day
Shall cool your patriotic busts of clay;
Then shall two snowy statues grateful own,
Neglected patriots, kindling from the stone;—

manner, and when he waved his cloak, he looked as though he were sweeping to him the product of ten thousand bottles of blacking. "Triumphant entry!"—We had better chair Wilks and Hume next; the one for his service to the companies, and the other for his Greek patriotism. On seeing Hunt in his car, one could not but remember the anecdote of the Roman emperor, who gathered cockle-shells on the sea shore of Britain, and entered Rome with the heroism of a mighty conqueror. Hunt puffed hard to get into Parliament: but Sir T. Lethbridge, notwithstanding "all appliances" of stupidity, uselessness, &c. contrived to prevent him. The demagogue has nick-named him "Leather-breeches."

A chizelled Register in Cobbett's hand,
While Hunt shall look all eloquently bland!

But demagogues alone are not the foes,
That machinate against our isle's repose;
Th' appalling Beast has reared his hydra head,
Begot by bigots, and by slaughter fed:—
That sorc'rous Whore, the blood-stain'd Borgia nurs'd,
Impostors pamper'd, and Jehovah curs'd,—
POPERY![1]—Oh, ye who pant to see return
The liberal days when living hearts shall burn;

[1] Who can mention the Roman Catholic religion, nor advert to the times that are past? Whether we look to the superstitious slavery of its creed, the bloated impiousness of its popes, or the wary, base-minded trickeries of its prowling priesthood,—nothing but one scene of crime and bloodshed appears to the view. Among all the questions that have been, and are still agitating, there is none of such vital, we may say, awful importance to an Englishman as the "Catholic" one. In this respect, Dr. Southey, notwithstanding his former apostacy, has been of considerable service: Charles Butler was properly and finely shewn up by him. The advocates for the Roman Catholic religion, have attuned their throats to the most plaintively insinuating tone possible. Their amiable lips quake with the jargon of "common right," and all the ready cant of "liquid lies."

When fresh Marozias and their impure clan
Shall turn each English fane a Laterán,—
Begone!—like Duncombe, wear the papal hose,
And slabber kisses on the giver's toes!

In vain, impervious Butler gilds his creed,
And quotes for Southey half the monst'rous creed;

But when they tell us, that the Roman Catholics are not what they used to be; are we to blind our eyes against RECENT deeds of HORRID bigotry? Are we to forget Mr. Plowden's speech,—one of their warmest advocates? *viz.* whoever pretended that the Roman Catholics of the PRESENT day differed, in ONE IOTA, from their ANCESTORS, he was guilty of perjury, &c.! The truth is, (and Mr. Plowden, a *rara avis*, is honest enough to tell it,) the Catholic croak is a most insiduous plot to re-establish the papal dominion, and slave the whole kingdom to a revengeful, money-loving priesthood; a priesthood that pretends to preserve souls by counted beads, or send them to heaven on two-penny pieces! Every Catholic is BOUND by his Creed *to do his utmost* to introduce that creed, and consequently, to undermine the church and state of the Protestants. God grant! that neither the democratical chicaneries of the Scotch Cato, the traducing spume of Shiel, or the poisonous drivel of O'Connell, may attain their end; if so, we may say of the Pope:—

" ..... Whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!!"

Or takes ten thousand virgins on his arm,
To keep his sacerdotal spirit warm,—
Politic whine betrays the smother'd hate,
And popish vengeance burning for the state.

What! though they boast their union in those times,
When parricides were bishop's gentler crimes,
Of Leo Medici,—Christ's Vicar Pope
That robb'd Urbino, and deserved the rope,—
Shall WE forget the Popedom's pristine deeds,
The swinish incest and the barter'd creeds,
Bandini's murder, and the butcher'd Jew,
The Marian war, or Erin's mangled crew?
The red crusade the Albigenses saw,
The hunted mountain sons of bleak Vaudois?—
Forget the Inquisition's bloody pack,
And all the church-hounds grinning ó'er the rack!!

Forbid it! nature's exil'd common-sense,
That souls should be redeem'd by paltry pence;

That priest-attrition ev'ry sin should cure,
And beads and penance make salvation sure!
While Papists gently tune their guileful note,
And tempt us meekly for the mighty vote;
We think of Rome's incestual mass of trick,
From howling Dunstan down to Dominic:—
"What then,"—cries candid Plowden, "still we own,
This saintly humbug props the Papal throne;
Who dares abjure one saint's recorded deed,—
He lies,—a dastard to our Romish creed!"

Remember, Britons, how your martyrs died,
Nor in descended Hilderbrands confide,
Arm round that glorious faith your Luther gave,—
Nor shrink from God, to be a Popish slave!

Say, who for Erin's [1] isle the tear restrains,
Where unfed thousands wear the priesthood's chains;

[1] Attributing the distresses of Ireland to the "slavery of the Roman Catholics," is another of the artful resources of the worship-

Where abject gloom o'erclouds the sunken mind,
And poverty to all but Vice, is blind?
We groan for Spain—for India's harness'd slaves,
But slight the fellow land, where famine raves!

Reproach of Erin, by rebellious aid
The lawless leader of a green tirade,
Vile-hearted despot of th' insurgent free,
How base the Bedlamite that ranks with thee,

pers of the "Great Whore." This is not the proper place to enter into the question; but, has not the late conduct of O'Connell and Shiel, been enough of itself to testify the lurking villainy of their distorted minds? What opinion are we to form of that man whose tongue is forked with unceasing forgeries, lampooning spite, and envy?—of the man, who, dressed in green, went round the country to excite rebellion among his ignorant countrymen? Shiel is a more decent, mealy-mouthed demagogue than O'Connell; but even he, flowery and fluent as he is in eloquising to port wine, was audacious enough to traduce, slander, and blacken with his perfidious slaver, the late brother of our reigning King, while racked with the agonies of disease! This is an introductory specimen of what we may expect hereafter, I suppose. And yet, O'Connell and Shiel are the two pillars of Catholic Intrigue. No one can deny they are quite worthy of the situation. A bigotted system of Humbug will stand the better for being propped by congenial rogues.

Transporting legions from their present zone,
And making new Chronologies thine own!
That ready flow of eloquential lies,
That reckless love of nursed brutalities,—
Reveal the blackness of the plotting hate,
Though mumbling Fingal stroke thy fuddled pate:—
The day will come when cursed "O'Connell's" name,
Shall sound the trumpet of Hibernian shame!

Thou of the fiendish stamp, whose Papal growl
Prophanes the kindly hours of feast and soul,—
Could not a monarch, on his bed of death,
Perfidious Shiel, hold in thy blasted breath?
Could none but Royal York sustain the gibe,
And show the Traitor to his sotted tribe?—[1]

[1] With the sordid cunning of a Jesuit, Shiel attempted a kind of recantation after his Royal Highness' decease; it was, however, but awkward perfidy, struggling to be more hypocritical. The above lines were written some time before the Prince's lamented death.

Advance we now to a sublimer scene,[1]—
Celestial turncoats,[2] with a Wolsey's mien:—

[1] To sneer at the saints! Sectarians will say, I have run a muck, and tilted at all I met. I wish to heaven, it were in my power to tilt some of these plotting, sneaking, pharasaic Barebones from the country. No man, in his senses, will advocate slavery;—no man will deny the degrading circumstances to which it is subject; but, those who have calmly considered the West India Question, not led away by the high-flown falsehoods of convening madmen, will soon perceive, that emancipation must be the work of time; *and, that if the nation take away the slaves from their legal owners, it is bound, in every principle of religion and equity, to tender them a full and adequate compensation.* Mr. Buxton's creed may dictate differently from this;—justice requires no cant to recommend or annul its laws. So basely litigious, and maliciously designing have the saints been, that when we attempt to examine the Question, we are insensibly led to forget the servitude of the slave, in the disgust excited by the gross and shameless fabrications of the saintish defenders; such as, Clarkson, Cropper, and Brougham—skulking behind the pages of a Scotch Review.

[2] The *anti-colonists* have been sorry tergiversators:—sometime since, their well-meaning champion, Wilberforce, declared, that it was "the *slave trade*, not *slavery*, against which they were directing their efforts:" the pious Stephen himself, in 1817, said, that he who could allude to the "emancipation" of the slaves, might be "*justly branded as an incendiary, and prosecuted to* CONDIGN *punishment, as a mover of sedition!!*" Now, they have shuffled round, and declared, that "they contemplated the

A saintly phalanx,—see the flock appear,
And Buxton bully, where a Pitt could fear![1]
Sweet Afrique saints, our sour sectarian foes,
Whose common heart with holy humbug glows,—
Inglorious champions bribed by[2] venal knaves,
Why plunder freemen to redeem the slaves!

early and total emancipation of those slaves, already in our colonies." (See M'Queen, &c. p. 336.) What are we to think of such canting renegadoes?

[1] Mr. Pitt said, "to think of emancipating the slaves would be little short of INSANITY;" yet a raw recruit like Fowel Buxton in the plenitude of his most audacious godliness, presumed to propose a resolution for that purpose, and bolstered his speech with unshrinking falsities, and libelling exclamatory froth against the colonies! but—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
POPE.

"The *anti-colonists*, and those who lead and guide them, eagerly snatched the moment when they imagined East India aid would enable them to beat down the West India colonies, in order that they might raise colonies in Africa; *and through these, and for these, at an early day, sap the foundations, and ultimately overthrow the gigantic edifice of our Indian empire.*" (M'Queen.)

[2] If the anti-colonists should happen to fail in their disgraceful

"O! free them all"—their thick-brain'd Captain cries,
"Encore!"—the nitid Suffield prompt replies;
Then pert Macauley bawls —"They *shall* be free,"
While Stephen squeaks—"No sugar, Sir, for me!

Slave-loving Lushington may fit the mask,
And nurse his negroes for a forging task;

persecutions, it will not be through any deficiency of slang, lies, malignancy, and blasphemy, both in prose and verse. The following is a specimen of the latter, extracted from a psalm set to music, and exposed for sale, for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery Association.

"Britons, burn [oh, dear!] with hallowed fury,
At the tale of Afrique's woes,
When her daughters, lashed and gory—
(Blush ye heavens, my heart o'erflows!)"!!!!—

The next verse has such tempting eloquence in it, that I really must present it to the reader. It will serve for a cabinet curiosity.

"Cursed lash!—thy fall resounding,
Bursts the fountain of our eyes!
Monster men! your crimes, abounding,
Call for vengeance from the skies!"

"Blush, ye heavens! my heart o'erflows!"!!!

No Scotch Review—no Clarkson's Bedlam rant,
No Suffield tales of heav'n-blaspheming cant,—
Excuse the fulsome meanness of a lie,
Though babe Macauley fetched it from the sky!

There are some skulls where false ideas intrude,
There are some statesmen whom their brains delude,[1]
There is a rapture in the sudden scheme,—
Birkbéck and Brougham's philanthropic dream,—
" I love not man the less, but nature more,"
That keeps the clown ingenuous as before;
To mingle with his peers behind the plough,
And feel with wordless bliss the udder'd cow:
Roll on, thou deeply fine, law-glist'ning eye,
Ten thousand facts in vain thy wisdom try—
" When for a moment, like a drop of rain"
The thought sinks down upon thy caverned brain,

[1] " There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is society where none intrude," &c. &c.
CHILDE HAROLD, CANT. IV.

And Plaintiffs slink off with a bubbling groan,
Without a smile,—non-suited and o'erthrown!
"The wrecks are all thy deed" within the court,—
Then, Brougham, why to Parliament resort?
Why, 'gainst the land that raised thee to thy height,
Exhaust the democrat's opposing spite?

Oxford and Granta! all your steeples bend,—
Fellows and Wranglers! gown and volume rend,
Quake, Milman, on thy green Parnassian throne,
And send Anne Boleyn where Belshazzar's gone;
Ye black professors, shed a classic drop,
For London builds her rival college shop!
What!—though no edifice be YET upreared,
And some, a COLLEGE COMPANY have fear'd,
Cockaigne, WILL glory in the chamber'd pile,
And lisping Cocknies represent her Boyle,—
Sir Billy Curtis pant forensic fires,
When turtle swells him, or champagne inspires.

Who knows what ribbon-lord, or tanner's son,
May rise an Euclid, or an Emerson?—
What Porsons scan, and criticise by scales,
What Milmans roll out verses with their bales?

[1] **"Provide the mansion!"—roars the Border Sage;**
"We'll make mechanics, Broughams of the age;

[1] Never was there a more inconsiderate scheme than the Institution for Mechanics. Mr. Brougham, supported as he is by the Edinburgh Review, and joined by all the worst enemies to the country, has not been able to divest his sophistry of that betrayful spirit, that exposes the treachery of the demagogue amid the spuming verbiage of unexpensive philanthropy; though, perhaps, on the whole, if Mr. Brougham were a tory, he might share the "meed of LARGE honours." At present, he is gownless, and not a little hateful to the crown supporters. But what of this? is he not a friend of the people?—Will not his pamphlets sell rapidly, and his speeches be read with eagerness?—Will not his name be the glory of tap rooms, and be blessed by scientific tinkers? Will not every link-boy and lamp-lighter, sing praises to his name? This is enough to support the "friend of the people," under all his losses—or rather, dreams of hope. My opinion is (I do not think it SINGULAR,) that Brougham is a capital specimen of Scotch talent, helped forward by Scotch impudence, and Scotch duplicity: there is no

Snug in the hall shall apron'd students meet,
[1] Birkbéck shall lecture, for an ev'ning treat,
Till cheapen'd Knowledge all her stores disclose,
And wond'ring masters feel their menials' toes: [2]—
" Is ignorance bliss?—'tis folly to be wise!—
Exalt mechanics,—and MYSELF will rise;
So shall I daunt the ministerial prig,
And Canning reverence a Scottish whig.

country like Scotland, for these two last qualities. In *heart*, he cares as much for the people as he does for the client, when he is paid highly for pleading his cause.

[1] Birkbeck and Brougham are of a most congenial temperament, for illuminating the darkness of popular ignorance,—as they are pleased to call it. They are both Scotchmen; but, they found "the high road to England," and then the road for every thing else. Apropos,—I suppose some little spiderly Aristarchus will tell me, Birkbeck's name is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, and that Brougham is pronounced Broom; but, what's a name? I have used them just as they suited the measure; either way will do; *semper fuit*, ——— you know the rest,

" And most of us have found it now and then."

[2] Alluding to Mr. Brougham's speech.

Then, on my darlings!—nobly puff and ply,
Till Archimedes ope your leaden eye,—
And art, and theory's illuming rays
Entice the torpid intellect to blaze;
Proceed! till Learning's wanton wings expand,
And wave exulting o'er the letter'd land;—
'Tis Brougham speaks!—no more let ign'rance soil,
But every finger ache with book-leaf toil."

O, surly sample of sophistic power,
Time-serving Brougham—strut thy little hour;
Blown by the murmurs of each mean applause,
The canny creature of a rebel cause:
With craft prolific Nature stuff'd thy brain,
To foam for party, or to grub for gain;—
A currish pleader when the culprits pay,
An orator—so Papal blood-hounds say,—
A puppet too, when Jeffrey pulls the string,
And Spanish villains help to taunt thy king;

Then, pand'ring to the ignominious sheet,
For whigs and filthy-minded rebels meet,—
Thy servile pen, with Jesuistic glow,
Can laud a minion, or defame a foe.

What!—though the tiler's book, and tinker's friend,
Will Britain's letter'd scum by thee amend?—
Will indistinctive arts a nation bless,
As when they labour'd more, and studied less,
Content with manual craft to toil for meed,
No lore to puzzle, and no book to read?—
Self-loving turncoat,[1] wail thy well-cloked sin,
Tear the light veil, and see it lurk within;

[1] "Turncoat," is a very plain word to apply to the imperative importance of Mr. Orator Brougham; nevertheless, he himself will admit the justice of its application. At the onset of his political career, he was one of Pitt's most slavish idolaters; but self-interest soon converted his homage into traducive apostacy, and he has now long been one of his vituperative calumniators. A rich sample this, of patriotic fervour!—but, there is some comfort for Mr. Brougham; he is by no means a solitary apostate; and,

Alnaschar-like, thou build'st on brittle glass—
One kick aroused him—and he woke an ass!

Come, heavenly times! when carters' heavy pates
Replete with figures, like scholastic slates,
Shall throb o'er Barrow, and reflect with Locke,
And science flourish down to whip and frock!—
Come, lovely days, when teeming pedants reign,
Homers in shops, and Virgils on the plain!

with his genius, apostacy itself is very pardonable in the eyes of some people.

Εν παντα δὲ νομὸν, ἐυθύγλωσσος ἀνὴρ προφέρει,
Παρὰ τυραννίδι, χὠπόταν ὁ
Λάβρος ϛρατὸς, χῶταν πόλιν οἱ σοφοὶ
Τηρέωντι.—Πινδ. Pyth. II. 157, 160.

Pindar was not half so good a politician as Mr. Brougham: the *straight forward* principles are too barren to feed the craving appetites of modern ambitious intriguers. However, had Mr. Brougham employed his talents in undeviating principle, he would have slid down to posterity more gracefully than he can do with his present character; notwithstanding his tender trash about the "ignorance of the people," his pamphlets, and his out-pourings in the Edinburgh Review.

When feeling butchers like their oxen moan,
And turncocks seek the philosophic stone:—
Lo! the bright visions raise a rebel's smile,
And whiggy Brougham grins serene the while!

Would statesmen condescend to view the past,—
A land of upstarts is too weak to last:
Like starry orbs, perplex'd in their career,
Each man will jostle on another's sphere;
Respectful order, and spontaneous hands
To ply the engine, and prepare the lands,—
The genial blessings of the isle will fade,
And spuming knowledge spurn the humble trade:

Ye dark refiners of the dirty clan,[1]
Whom plot, or spite, have kindled to a man,—

[1] A great national problem is now working: many of those engaged at it, are men of immense talents; many, doubtless, with the most philanthropic motives:—"the end proveth all things." Fifty years hence, the result of these magnanimous stretches at universal *intellectualism* will be properly appreciated. The French atheists tried a problem very similar to that which the Broughamites, the Birkbeckites, &c. &c. are now attempting; we all know how beauti-

Ye little Broughams, and ye bubbling great,
By lectures taught to lie and legislate—
Why foist your false philanthropy, to force
Contented ignorance from its heaven-plann'd course?
Where inborn genius flames the struggling soul,
Godlike, alone, it reaches to the goal;—
Or, like an elemental war in earth,
Will burst with single energy to birth.

Let Knowledge once her helmless empire gain,
And sway prepost'rous o'er each boor and swain,—
Let Lumpkin once desert a useful post,
To battle plans and problems by the host,—
How soon will faction's smoky minions breed,
And addled sceptics doubt their father's creed?

fully it was solved. On such a question as this, there are innumerable opinions; I cannot help having one; which is, that Brougham is no patriot; he has made the "cause of the people," a machine for his own tortive plans. Of those who heap such encomiums on his head, we may say—

Ἔστι δὲ φῦλον ἐν ἀνθρώποισι ματαιότατον,
Ὅστις, αἰσχύνων ἐπιχώρια, πταπτάινει τὰ πόρσω,
Μεταμώνια θηρεύων ἀκράντοις ἐλπίσιν.

Πινδ. Pyth. 3.

By demagogues and wild commotions torn,
Too late to alter, and too bad to mourn,—
Deluding foes thy strength will undermine,
And France's fate, my country, then be thine!

Oh! for the pen that scribed that Naval List,
The beacon pride of the Philologist,—
To trace the jaunty triumphs of our day,
When startled elements resign their sway!—
Ballooning bedlamites to top the air,
Goose-grease to plaster for eternal hair;
Unrivall'd pills, to poison and to purge,
And steam, to ride—or blow us o'er the surge,—
Equestrian kites, and Salamander throats,
Immortal eyes and teeth, cork rumps and coats,—
Champagne for cocknies, made of gooseberry juice,
And Hamiltonian puffs—of little use!
Lake-water'd bards, and automatic twins,
Apostate whigs, and parsons without sins,
Young maids at seventy-two, besmear'd with sham,
And dowagers that pine,—"*sed ohé jam!!*"

We can't complain, though Alchemy's no more;
Still blest with philosophic fools,—a store:
One night, as Gall lay grunting on the bed,
It chanced his nightcap fretted from his head;
With peevish yawn he grop'd his bristling hair,
Loosed his long jaws, and snuff'd the curtain'd air;
Meantime, the restless finger felt some lumps;—
"'Tis very odd," saith he,—"these boundless bumps
Must be true organs of my inward brain—
I'll have some plaster heads, to shew them plain!"
This said,—he smoothed his nob, and pleas'd resign'd
To cob-web dreams, his phrenologic mind;
Soon spread the mapp'd-out skulls thro' Scotia's towns,
And Glasgow sawnies bump'd their dirty crowns;
Then foggy Spurzheim croaked in bungling tomes,
Till gaping Scotland hugg'd her crack-brain'd momes!—
Last, Combe, the printing jobbernowl for all,
In half a thousand pages grubb'd for Gall;[1]

[1] Gall and Spurzheim esteem themselves greater philosophers than Locke, Hartley, &c. &c. Who shall set the bounds to human ingenuity? We may, without presumption, shortly expect, that flying will be fashionable. Some mountebank has already com-

And found a deputy in smug Déville,
With unwash'd hands to fumble and to feel:
Bump-fingering Gall, when plaister'd craniums fail,
Invent philosophy to suit the tale. [1]

Is our's a bloated, or a brazen age?
"A golden one!" cries Learning in a rage;—
"On shelf and stall my page reveals its light,
And flimsy scribble is the boundless right!"
Let infants puke for thee, Sir Richard, praise,—
Let school-room walls be verdant with thy bays;
Whose cogent slyness and magnetic quill,
Have tempted Knowledge from her Alpine hill;

menced a prelude; and when the Mechanics are enlightened, no doubt wings will have their turn. It will be a pleasant day's jaunt to fly over to brother Jonathan, and at once settle about the North West Passage. "But this is preposterous;"—not a bit reader: it is not half so wonderful as Phrenology—the Bump Philosophy. If Gall or Spurzheim would but sacrifice their own brains for dissection, it would be a capital method to ensure immortality. Thus it would be recorded:—"That scientific martyr Mr." ———

[1] Some will say, this is already done by pedagogues.

Though Newton's [1] genius foiled thy bootless plot,
Sweet Knight, thou'lt live, when Newton is forgot;
In fame more glorious than all-gracious Bell,—
Thou'lt vamp for babies—while thy pamphlets sell!

A savoury feast, surcharged with kickshaw meat,
May charm a shrieve that only lives to eat,—
Give me the table spread with wholesome food,
Where few the meats, but every one is good:
Our bookish feast is now a gaudy waste,
Startling the eye, but palling on the taste;
Each mulish fool, can couch his random pen,
And furbish fustian for admiring men;—

[1] This Cockney Knight attempted to upset Newton's glory, and raise a pedestal for himself on its ruins; but it did not do. Sir Richard is another of the hypocritical patriots, who gull the public opinion by puffing off their *services to the rising generation.* The matter is plain enough, if plain sense were but applied. Sir R. was, and is, a tradesman. He hit upon the Interrogatory plan, as a tradesman, namely, to put money in his pocket. This was very laudable; but when he boasts of his services, as if they really proceeded from the purest philanthropy, he is more disgusting than impudent. He could do no more, if he had *given* his baby edition of vamped pamphlets to all the charity schools in the kingdom.

Beget an Essay with delirium fraught,
And skin the clouds to travel for a thought! [FEAR,
HOPE, TRUTH, and FRIENDSHIP,—VALOUR, PRIDE, and
Snail-like, crawl on through each besotted year;
The "Spring" is flow'rless; "Night" less *dark* than "Day,"
While worn-out "Youth" bemoans her tresses gray.

So oft of late Parnassus has been trod,[1]
By brain-sick bardling, and poetic clod,

[1] "..... Unde illa *priorum*
Scribendi, quodcunque animo flagrante liberet,
SIMPLICITAS?.....
JUV. I. 138.

By a pardonable little perversion of this passage, we may well apply the question to the general rhymesters of the day:—Where, indeed, is that freshness of feeling?—where?—but this is not the place to enter into a discussion on the causes of poetical degeneracy. It is certain that poetry is degenerating, both in its own character, and also in the estimation in which it is held. There are two or three striking reasons for this:—*First*, Because poetry is degraded to a mere accomplishment. *Secondly*, Because it is the poetry of mere words, more than of feeling and meaning. *Thirdly*, Because the merits of the author, and the merits of his poem, are absurdly confounded.

There bloom no laurels on its trampled side,
And reptiles poison every fountain's tide:—
Who does not rhyme?—there's not a tree or bow'r,
A grove, a puddle, or a dunghill flow'r—
An eye, a curling lip, or Roman nose,
A wind that whistles, or a stream that flows;—
There's not a dog or fool that dies in time
Without a blubb'ring bard in ding-dong chime!

O'er all the land presides a strumpet muse,
And every mouth poetic garbage spews;
But say,—besides a law-suit,—what is worse
Than jumbling brains spawned out in addled verse?
How soon the metromania fires?—a fly,—
Miscarried beetles claim an elegy;
Who cannot weave a stanza on a louse,
Or like a Vaughan, immortalize a mouse?—
For bards ephem'ral deem it real divine,
To ram rich nonsense in a jingling line!

Sweet ALBUM, hail!—morocco, green or jet,
The puny minstrel's scrawl-devouring pet;
Well-pawed preserver of pellucid trash,
On thy smooth leaves, what tinkling phrenzies flash!
Or thumb'd by blues, or filled by Lady Lamb,[1]
A rhyme-stuffed bundle of pedantic sham:—
Yes! though thy scented page such rhyme contains,
As hourly dolts ink there in doltish strains:
Each morning ass must sit and drop the cream
Of zig-zag verse to load the wire-wove ream:—
'Tis done!—"An Ode upon a death-bed sigh,"
Or, "Stanzas on my Uncle's squinting eye;"—
"What pathos here!" the circling Cruscas cry.

'Tis hard to tell, where style is dwindling worse,
In mangled prose, or daily dabs of verse;

[1] "This was written in Lady Lamb's Album;"—"Taken from Lady Lamb's Album;"—"His Lordship wrote the following *so and so* in Lady Caroline's" Album;—"The preceding 'Stanzas on Female Frailty,' were written by her Ladyship in her own Album." Such are the constant advertisements in almost every Annual, &c. we now take up. One would positively think, that Lady Caroline was—but—never mind—"comparisons are odious."

Alike in both the gallic zests pervade,
And furious flights of stiff bombast degrade.
The nervous, chaste, the manly and the pure,
The pregnant thoughts from sapient souls mature,——
The sense illuming where the wit combines,
And free conciseness of the meaning lines,—
Have vanish'd now, in styles o'erwrought and vain——
A frothy mess of flippancies inane.

Place the poor pic-nic volumes [1] authors pour,
To fill their purses—then the ragman's store,—
With feeling Goldsmith, or conclusive Swift,—
Their glitt'ring veil of florid words uplift;—
Like these, do they with forcing truth controul,
Exalt, refine, or animate the soul?—
Alas! their venal page is but *one* line,
Of spinning flatness, and ideas supine;

[1] It is astonishing, when we compare the teeming volumes, both of prose and verse, of the present day, with some of the writers that existed seventy years back, to mark the vast difference. In the national decline, there is a continual analogy in one circumstance; show for substance, and refinement for strength, are now universal interlopers.

Manœuv'ring on from simple dross to trope,
In the wide nothingness of fustian's scope,—
They wrench allusions from each rock and sky,
Flag with their dullness, and all sense defy ;
While trash is pounded to laborious wit,
And Satire whiffles for a morbid hit.

So fast the stream from Helicon o'erflows,
Poor Wisdom trembles for her flooded prose!
Miss rhymes at school;—be-praised, her eighteen years
Present a volume fresh with sighs and tears;—
The lad of twenty, puffed from ancient Rome,
Fails not to cram his ravings in a tome ;
While elder ideots in lethargic strains,
Distil poetic vapours from their brains:—
If poets born or made—no matter,—when
'Tis print and paper that inspire the pen.—
When, thus the brainsick rumble out their lines,
And every spinster in her "hot-pressed" shines,—

When Papers, trunks, and fashionable pies,
Alike reveal the poet to our eyes,—
No wonder, meaning swoons away in sound,
And gaudy jingle runs a modish round!

Pale moon, what inspiration gleams from thee,
When lunatics invoke thee on thy sea!—
Thou sun, how oft do poetasters dream
And liquidate their verse beneath thy beam,—
Till well-bred clouds, arrested in the skies,
Loll there, enchanted with poetic sighs!!—
Sometimes, the bardling's bosom fails to burn,
Alas! then, all his fainting couplets yearn;
While Landon epithets bedaub the line,
And florid whimsies frame the dogg'rel fine;—
He splits a meaning from each fractured word,
Spins out the period, till the thought's absurd,
Piles pretty nothings on a see-saw theme,
Unfolds a shadow, and dissects a beam—

The verse is flowing, and the sound sublime,
While Pathos struts in sentimental slime!

So long have scribblers teemed corruptly vain,—
'Tis chance if taste and sense revive again!
Since now, no sterling volumes dare to sell,
Save Murray buy, or Colburn puff them well:—
For what can meritorious arts complete,
Without an underling to puff and cheat?
Genius ALONE is yours—the worse for you!
For THAT must wither—fanned by no Review;—
Or cozening Fortune never guides you where
Our cockney QUILLMEN fattening plaudits share:

If to twice eighteen grandsires back you trace,
The milky ichor fest'ring in your face;—
By yards of "pedigree" can meet your worth,
And curse, like bargemen, to decide the birth,
Then Murray grins,—and richly six Reviews[1]
Will squirt your praises to the wits and blues,—

[1] "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though

In one full blast, his hireling trumpets send,
Your name from Albermarle, to Cornwall's end!

Could pens eternal last, to name the stock,
Of all the bards that to Parnassus flock—

the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most torturing." What would Sterne say, if he lived in these days of venalism. Literature is now degraded far below a trade. Every body pretends to a moiety of lettered wisdom; every fool can write; and every ass is a critic. Even women, such as are only born—

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer,"

are blues in some shape. If criticism performed its honourable functions, authors would be fewer, and learning saved from its present attached stigma; but it is exactly the contrary. Authors spring up faster and thicker than weeds in the "deserted village;" while each one has a critic "who comes hobbling after." Those who live at a distance from London, are apt to pay an implicit credit to the metropolitan reviews; but a month's residence in London, and an acquaintance with the literary *coteries*, will teach them to laugh at most of the criticisms, and consider nearly all the reviewers as a despicable, prostituted herd of quill-drivers. This is not bravado, but simple fact. You can scarcely mention a magazine or a paper, that has not a certain publisher and certain critic, who play a literary shuttlecock, most admirably. Besides all this perfidious venalism, there are party rancour, envy, malice, pique, and all the concomitants of little minds, constantly affecting the critics. This was, I am aware, always the case to a certain degree;—but our's is the Brazen age of Impudence, and the Golden one of Pedantry.

The sentimental megrims of their brain,
The sonnet, ode, and elegiac strain,—
Proclaim the parents of those ragged rhymes
In Magazines, Gazettes, and all the Times?—
Must my poor Muse decide the snappish claims,
And metre-wonders of ten thousand names?
The young and grey—the whimp'ring, bold or mad,
The flippant, funny, flowery, gay, and sad—
Must all, like Banquo's issue, pass her view,
Each with his work?—Lord help her if they do!

Some frantic Poets leave no gap untried, [1]
Whose genius scorns to take a Pope for guide;
If blunt conceit can frame supplanting schools,
Why care, though genuine taste denounce them fools?
Some ever climb the clouds,—some creep in caves,
Some sing of balls, while others groan to graves;—

[1] "Nil intentatum nostri liquêre poëtæ."
HOR.

Wild, prurient, turgid, scanty or diffuse,
Through all the gambols of a jadish muse;
Cold artifice for Nature's fresher powers, [flowers!
They flounce o'er weeds, and dream them beds of

Of all the whining herds that late uprose,
On whose flat page the tide of nonsense flows;—
The LAKISTS hobble worst, in lifeless chime;
THEIR hills have souls, THEIR ponds are all sublime!—
Convulsive phrensies stir about their brains,
Till moon and stars pour spirit on the plains;
THEIR hearts beat time to every pheasant's wing,
THEIR ears catch intellect when owlets sing;—
THEIR eyes adore the woods for BEAUTY'S marks,
While THEIR sweet souls ascend with morning larks!—
A mystery floats upon the Keswick breeze,
And sprites Castalian, chatter from the trees;—
For THEM, the clouds dress up with tints refined;
And every sunbeam serves to light their mind!

Insipid, whimpering out his prosy verse,[1]
As if he moaned it all behind a hearse,
Soft Betty Wordsworth twaddles through her line,
Most BEAUTIFUL,—most pulingly DIVINE;—
A flagging Jeremy, without his sense,
The Lakist bard in native impotence:—
Who, wakeful reads th' Excursion's sleepy page
Of whining dullness and old preachments sage?
There, view, drawled forth the metaphysic scheme,
Where trash devoutly lends the Muse a theme;
And pedlar, pauper, bard, and weaver's wife,
With tuneful logic hum the poet's life:
Dear William! thou for ever on the nod,
Receive my praises for the drowsy god:—

[1] No one can deny Wordsworth the possession of great, very great genius; but it is miserably clogged with twaddle. Mr. Southey, who is also a great man, thinks most of the poets since the time of Elizabeth, scarcely worthy a comparison with the "Lakists." He, and the whole "Nampy Pamby" family, can find sublimity in "Peter Bell," and "Betty Foy"!! There is no accounting for tastes;—trite, but true.

When on my knees th' excursive leaves recline,
How do I bless thee for their anodyne!

Monastic Southey,—he whose natal hour [1]
Rich Nature favoured with her largest dower;

[1] "Thou whom rich nature at thy happy birth
Blest in her bounty with the largest dower
That heaven indulges to a child of earth."....

Now, really, Doctor, this is more than a *quantum suff.* Your fancy must have been drunk with the inspiring crystal of the Keswick Lakes, when she told you such insufferable conceit. A little after, in the same "*Carmen Nuptiale,*" we have,—

"That green wreath which decks the bard when dead,
That laureate garland crowns my living head."

A laureate is always expected to be conceited; but this egotism is not at all, à la mode. Dr. Southey has fallen off dreadfully in his poetry. His Epics were never generally liked, notwithstanding his own high opinion of them; but friend or foe, who could like his "Tale of Paraguay," or Laureate Odes, &c.? He is an admirable prose writer; but extremely artificial, even in his best poetry; it will bear reading but once. The following observations by Galt, are worth perusing. "Mr. Southey cogitates himself into a state of poetical excitement, but he seems to be rarely touched with the

In vain apostacy from Keswick comes,
To tickle George's ear with Laureate hums;—
Protean bard!—that once could Tyler sing,
Then slipped his hide—and lo! 'twas Court and King!
Since wordy lumps of artificial stuff
Insure THINE homage of a Quarter's puff,—
If egotistic spleen can ought avail,
To keep thy laurels green, and odes unstale;—
Long sound the peerless trumpet of thy praise,
Let SELF for ever load the Laureate lays;
In these, the suction of a tory brain,
More faddling far than Pye or Whitehead's strain.
Peace to thy pond'rous Epics!—few can dare
To waddle through the dronish lumber there;
That last weak dribble came replete with whine,—
The tale of Paraguay—thine, only thine!—

fine frenzy of the poet. He has capacity and means to build a pyramid; but the little entaglio of Gray's Elegy, is more valuable than all this great tumulus to the memory of the last of the Goths."

Such drivelling pathos, that the rook must caw,
While Madam Southey press'd her genial straw!
If ever vapid dross in sickly verse,
Proclaimed a piddling Laureate growing worse—
Thou showd'st it here—not filthy Latin lore
Could save the twaddle from Oblivion's store.
Oh! Southey, scorn the verse which few can read,
And sweat for Murray, where thy prose is meed;
That garland green which crowns thy living head,
Will deck a turncoat's shame, when thou art dead!

The cock struts nobly, now,—tu-whit—tu-whoo—
And moon-eyed owlets pierce the night-air through;
Come, promptly weave around the circle trice,
Lo! Coleridge [1] perched upon a dome of ice!—

[1] Mr. Samuel Coleridge, like Wordsworth, is a Lake poet of most original genius. But, for some occasional beautiful lines, he bountifully repays us with an immense deal of floundering *bathos*, German mysticisms, and perplexing absurdities. *Qui fit, Mæcenas?*

Alluring spinner of unmeaning rhyme,
His "Pixy" wond'rous, and his "Ass" sublime;—
The mimic Wilson—let him be forgiv'n—
For wafting sleeping infants' thoughts to heav'n.

Another school![1]—infuriate as the last,—
Dramatic fustian of diviner cast:—

[1] Professor Milman is a capital specimen of a *made* poet, "poèta fit." He cannot say like the author of Wat Tyler—that NATURE ushered in HIS BIRTH with largest dower, with regard to the poetical part. Snarling and contemptuous to others, he is frigid, artificial, and labours at his rhyme-manufactory with astonishing assiduity. An intimate acquaintance with the ancient and modern bards, has provided him with an extensive vocabulary of fine-sounding words; but still he is unrighteously perverse in continuing to propagate verses which few, except the wranglers and freshmen of Oxford, feel any pleasure in reading. "But he is Professor of Poetry at Oxford!" I am sorry for it. Let any one examine the *real merits* of the Oxford prize poems of late years, and he will find in them nothing but the most common place imagery and worn out thoughts, made readable through the pomp of faultless melody. Of course, the prize adventurers must imitate their professing model. Probably, Mr. Milman is anxious to *write* much, nor trouble himself about its being read; to say with Marolles, I have published "one hundred and thirty-three thousand, one hundred, and twenty-four verses."—"Heber puffed me, and Murray catered."

Big with bombast, professing Milman frowns
In bristled verse, on true-born poets' crowns;
Cold, pompous, turgid, and precisely fine,
With rumbling skill he rolls his ornate line,
Sticks Bible-tales and cant in stiff array,
Adds college words—and dubbs the mess a play;
Then turns an ingrate to Miltonic worth,
And scoffs the bard that gave his language birth!

Thy Wretch of Antioch, and Jerusalem's fall,—
Belshazzar's feast,—Where, Milman, are they all?
Oh! give us Nature; not mere tuneful skill,
And lifeless splendour, where the passion's still;—
Breathe out the vigour of the feeling free,
Excite—or who will find the bard in thee?
Think'st thou, the Muse is trotted forth with art?
That wordy "Boleyn" can commove the heart?—
Here bathos welters in the METAL wine,
And VOIDED RHEUM slabbers on the line;

Here Pity pales blue Pestilence's cheek,
And Boleyn, like a plumeless angel's weak!—
Wake, hell! [1]—lift up thy BLACKEST BLACKNESS, when,
A doubtful Boleyn sanctifies the pen!—

[1] "Wake, hell! lift up thy gates; and ye that tenant
The deepest, darkest, most infuriate pit
The abyss of all abysses, blackest blackness."....
ANNE BOLEYN.

This puts one in mind of a character in the farce, who stalks tumidly over the stage, and BELLOWS out—

"Whoever dares these boots displace,
Shall meet Bombastes face to face!"

Juvenal would have called it a *poetical tempest*—"poetica surget tempestas."

"Go coin those wines, barter for homelia cates,
Those candid superfluities."....

What an admirable speech this would be, in the mouth of Brummel to his man John!—but, presently we have something of nasty nature:—

"..... Some did spurn at me,
Did almost void their rheum on me."

Doubtless this was suggested by that beautiful line of Hesiod's.—

Τῆς ἐκ μεν ῥινῶν μὺξαι ῥέον—
SCUTO HERC.

"An angel, by Heaven's providence unplumed."

Truly, Anne Boleyn was an angel!!—I wonder what Queen Catherine called her?

Milman, though Heber puffed thy plastered plays,
They melt no heart—deserve no poet's bays.

E'er yet we marshall forth the rhyming pack,
Let Hunt [1] alone stand forth, with *lordly* back,—
The *pillow-nestling cheek, and trembling trees,*
And now and then his breath-increasing breeze,
His notions stout upon the marring score,—
Degrade the heathen where the Lakist's poor. [2]

[1] The words printed in italic are transplanted here from Mr. Hunt's Rimini, &c.: Mr. Hunt joins to the greatest conceit a meanness of mind alike discoverable in prose and verse: his heart and feelings betray a sourness, even when his phraseology is attempting to be tender. *Some* have said, that in private life Mr. Hunt is really amiable; but we can hardly conceive this true, when rancour is the natural effusion of his soul.

[2] Hunt evinced a great deal of alacrity in discovering the vulgarisms of Wordsworth; but has exceeded him in these very faults. His doctrine informs us, that "the proper language of poetry, is in fact, nothing different from that of real life." How admirably he illustrates it with regard to his own life! Poor Scot, (late editor of the London Magazine,) sweated hard to give him a month's renown, —but

"Tam cito nec tante poterit" . . . . . .

Sweet *clipsome* Hunt! why perk thy mouth to tell,
How Ollier failed thy leaden tome to sell?—
Such putrid envy, mix'd with hate malign,
Such bestial doctrines blight that heart of thine;
Politic, not poetic flames burn there,—
Go—see the glass thy *shedding hours declare!*

Our daily bards, that print their owlish dreams,
Are like the bubbles borne on gurgling streams;
Where, brightly hollow, flutt'ring to be first,
They swell one moment, and the next they burst:—
So the spruce tomes palmed forth hot-press'd and fine,
Where words more glossy than the paper shine;
By critic-grubbers, or by book-learn'd fraud,
Find fools that read,[1] and numskulls that applaud;

[1] More than one-half of our ephemeral bards whose names give dignity to "Annuals," and throw lustre on "Albums," are indebted to the printer and publisher for their puny popularity, rather than to the actual merits of their volumes. "Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verses in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress."

Borne on the current praises of a day,
They float awhile, then bubbling sink away!

Rhyming in bed,—inspir'd o'er souchong tea,
Soft as the BALMY SKIES of ITALY;
To ocean dear, as sea-weeds on the shore,
When tuneful there he bays its MILK-WHITE ROAR,—
Let trashy Cornwall,[1] most sublimely terse,—
Hug the lean triumph of embroidered verse.

O, long the Laureate of "Time's Telescope!"—
May boring Barton,[2] pipe each qualmy hope;

[1] Barry Cornwall (I suppose his own name was not poetical enough,) is at times equally affected, glossy and meaningless with Miss Landon:—we are quite cloyed with his sweet sounds, sweet diminutives, and sweet *nothings-at-all.* He has a finer ear than ever Handel or Weber had; he can hear the WHITE music of the sea!—and he can write at times uncommonly nonsensical.

[2] I have the greatest respect for Bernard Barton's character, as a man of the purest morals, &c.: but it must be allowed, that his poetry is seldom beyond mediocrity, and that the greatest portion of his fame has sprung from the charms of Quakerism, rather than

Whose saintly line with placid drivel glows,
Till wire-drawn verse melts off in metred prose ;—
Then Bernard bounds along, with fury fraught,
Cant in each word, and sermons in each thought. [1]

Scriblèrus Watts,— [2] how hard he grubs for fame,
So great a pirate as to steal a name!

from those of his muse. Adventitious celebrity is nothing singular in our days:—He is shrined with much pomp, for large-lettered immortality, in "Time's Telescope." I intend to have my greyhounds entered there by the next year.

[1] "The most *prominent feature* in these poems, is the decidedly *evangelical* character of the sentiments."—
Eclectic Review, March 1826.

[2] Mr. Watts considering his own christian name somewhat antipoetical, assumed that of Alaric; in reference, I imagine, to the similarity of his disposition with that of the Goth. His "Poetical Sketches" were eminently befriended by means of purchased puffs, Grub-street alliances, and the usual resources of literary hacks. Mr. Secretary Peel is, it seems, a sort of Mæcenas to this gentleman; and some of his "Lyrics of the Heart" are sleeping quietly in Mr. Peel's Album. Mr. Watts's character for poetical envy, jealousy, and sly subterfuge, is so notorious both among friends and foes, that for the present we must say, *vale*. His Grey Haired stanzas, above alluded to, are little else but artificial whine; scarcely dignified enough to dedicate to a hair pulled from a pig's tail.

The sound of "Alaric," a charm bestows,—
Though growling parents ask, from whence it flows?—
A Della Crusca with pathetic gloss,
He kneads a poem from sententious dross;
Expert as mime,—too barren to create,
The broider'd Muse comes flouncing from his pate;
Sometimes she bounds to barber-shops above,
And plucks a grey lock to inspire his love;
Then, fondly gazing—lo! the poet sighs,
Till tear-floods wash his sentimental eyes.

In one fat tome of antiquarian dust,
With bellowing epithet, and pause august,—
Thompsonian Carrington [1] bemoans along
"Lovely Devonia, land of flowers and song:"

[1] Mr. Carrington's "Dartmoor" met with great indulgence: the poem was certainly chaste, and the versification (if it had been not quite so servile an imitation of Thompson,) very creditable; but it was replete with monotony, and even the best parts and sentiments have been harped upon by all the poets of the last century.

In blank-verse, pleas'd to rummage out the moor,
And sing us all that Thompson sang before!
So much of shiv'ring SNOW, poetic HAIL,
Romantic TEMPEST, and the piercing GALE,—
The bard himself, more chilly than the spot,—
No wonder "Dartmoor" met so cold a lot!

Miss Thomas Moore,[1] by Jerdan puff'd to fame,—
Landon, or L. E. L.—whate'er thy name,—
So fervid, flowery, sparkling in thy page,
Let school-girls trump thee, Sappho of the age!
Through thee, how oft that urchin, Love, appears
In fev'rish sighs, and softly-dribbled tears;—

[1] L. E. L. or Miss Landon, or Jerdan's Protegèe, or the verse-manufacturer for every magazine, review, and journal, has dwindled into more superfineries than ever, since the publication of her "Improvisatrice." It is a great pity that she does not unshackle her mind from the controlling adulations of her mis-guided friend, Jerdan. His glaring, enormous flatteries in the Literary Gazette will not *eventually* complete her fame, or gender improvement: Campbell says of her, "she has turned her head into a cullendar, and all her brains are daily running out." I trust Mrs. Hemans will take the friendly hint, for she is becoming rather too common.

Now weaving fetters to enslave the sad,
Now coyly warm till every Miss is mad;—
With head delirious, and presumptive toes,
To pant, and frisk, and tickle as he goes.
All that is BEAUTEOUS, PASSIONATE, DIVINE—
Purloins from thee, a freshness superfine;
The RAVEN LOCK,—the eye's ALL-MELTING BEAMS,
The BROW both HOT and COLD, from HOPES and DREAMS;
The FUMES of ARABY, the BREEZE and FLOW'R,
The mellow croakings of a love-sick hour,—
All send us into sentimental swoons,
Not often felt beneath thine am'rous moons:
Fie on the furious tongues that dare to speak
'Gainst thee, verse-fountain of the month and week!
While touchy Jerdan [1] hums a "Proper Word,"
Thy Sapphic moans shall balm the sighing herd;

[1] Jerdan exposed himself very dangerously by printing the "Proper Word," in "Friendship's Offering." No one ever did him the injustice to think him a poet, or a properly qualified critic; but such inharmonious doggerel, was a sad *denouement* from the president—the

Did Crusca live, how would he pine to see,
A burning Anna, realized in thee?

By plastic critics moulded to a bard,
Politely Bayly [1] pipes,—Bathonia's ward;
To feed their ball-room poet's sing-song pride,
Four cringing paper-grubs the task divide;—

poetical judge that sways the columns of the most popular Gazette in the kingdom!! "Pooh!" replies Jerdan, "what care I for the opinions of the discerning? Seated round my port, I pronounce damnation or salvation on authors—just as the whim takes me—the weather affects me—or prejudice guides me."

". . . . . Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo."

[1] At nineteen, Mr. Bayly turned out a witty little volume, that became very popular among the Bath Blues. Since then he has written several songs in the twaddle style; and has altogether an inexhaustible genius for supplying the billows with moon beams, discussing the nature of sighs, and allowing dramatic fetes to live in his verse "one day more." It is a pity, however, that he permits the Bath Papers to daub his talents with all the preposterous fustian of disgusting flattery:—"The Prince of Harmony and the Soul of Song"!!!—Tom Moore would have turned sick at this.

For who so fit to tune a love-lit eye,
Empearl a tear, and analyse a sigh,—
Or rhyme Dramatic puns, and lisp them too,
With Bath-bred ideots giggling in his view ?—
Lo ! one broad grin is round the circle spread,
While Bayly pules his verse, and shakes his head ;—
So flimsy, frisky, complaisantly terse,
All swear Beau Nash is born again in verse !

Alack for Pennie ![1]—kingly minstrel he,
That sang, yet had no supper for his fee !

[1] Pennie considers himself scurvily treated by the reviewers and the public; he should remember 'tis not for every one to enter the port of public favour, although *he* may be convinced he deserves to—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

His bottle-holder (the demy editor of the Dorset Chronicle,) fired away in a very exemplary style at Jerdan for not "doing justice to so mighty a genius." But, be comforted Pennie; for the remainder of your days, make a point of damning, hooting, sliming,

Slunk back disgusted from th' Aonian scene,
To mangle prose, and scribble out his spleen:—
Convinced melodious lumber will not sell,
Mind, Pennie, damn provincial poets well:—
Eject thy slaver where the slaver's paid,
And hiss for malice all the rhyming trade.

A fellow-grumbler for unpurchased rhyme,
But starting up with never-ending chime,
Narcotic Jackson,[1] wailed the CRESCENT'S FALL,
And FRANCE'S FIEND,—Neglect has smothered all!

and if possible, crushing every nascent genius;—thus you will show the world that whatever doubt hangs over your poetical merits, none can exist concerning your ability in the snarling department of a provincial paper.

[1] Jackson is another of those injured bards whose stupidity and versified trash have failed to procure patronage; but in these days of eternal sing-song, does Mr. Jackson think that dull equable sentiment in rhyme—or mere ungrammatical mediocrity will SELL! Since the "waves of neglect" have thrice passed over him, it is to be hoped he will be prudent enough not to go *out of his depth* again!

O'er AHAB, too, the "wave" oblivious passed,—
"Amen," cried Sense—let Ahab be the last!

Elliot,[1] why leave the music of the gun,
Why drop the soldier, to embrace a Nun?
Alas! far better in her cloisters kept,
Than to be maul'd, and hiss'd, and die unwept!
Last, "Humbug" came—an image of his *own*,
And so, sleek Elliot closed his mawmish tone.

Let piddling Delta,[2] in his brain-sick dreams,
Bemuse in fourteen lines, the bogs and streams,—

[1] Mr. Elliot is a very respectable gentleman in the army,—a captain. He published "The *Nun*," that Rowe and Waller persuaded Jerdan to puff, and then, "Humbug," that few read beside the printer and the author.

[2] Δ—id est, Delta; *i. e.* Mr. ——— is rhymer-general to Blackwood's Magazine:—the first of the day, without taking Delta's sonnets into consideration.

Lugubrous Dale [1] dissolved in mulish whine,
Unnerve his heart-strings with a blubbering line,—
Iiole, Mona, and th' Initial set,
Fine fustian effervesce in Scripp's [2] Gazette;
Let bungling Jerdan's limping couplets tire,
And jarring doggerel for each line conspire,—
Lord Porchester [3] still rave out thundering dash,
And load his verses with patrician trash;
Let drivelling Hafiz [4] ding his morning chime,
And Fayole [5] split her fusty French in rhyme;

[1] The Rev. T. Dale, is a very pleasing writer of plaintive reflections; eminently calculated to inspire with the blue devils.

[2] Scripps; the name of the office-publisher of the Literary Gazette. It would be more correct, perhaps, to call it Jerdan's, it being divided between Jerdan, Longman, and Colburn.

[3] Lord Porchester is the author of "*The Moor*," a very thick volume, containing one page of good poetry—relative to a magician. Doubtless his lordship is perfectly satisfied with his fame, for

"....."Tis some praise in peers to write at all."

[4] Stott has lately rose again, after a long trance, occasioned by the well-applied medicine of Byron. His motto is "Resurgam."

[5] Who is Fayole, that sticks her miserable daubs of be-rhymed

Moonstruck Fitzgerald [1] gabble yearly lies,
Till belching gluttons wink their drowsy eyes,—
Hood [2] press the bashful reader to his pun,
And learn the luxury of insipid fun,— [3]
Let dunces read what maniac pens indite,
"To all their rosy dreams and slumbers light!"

French, in the Morning Post? I hardly know how it is that her name has jumped in here; no matter, she is a good accompaniment for Stott.

[1] Mr. Fitzgerald still continues his yearly labor—to versify the "Literary Fund."

[2] Mr. Hood is the author of "*Whims and Oddities.*" A volume, whose novelty obtained considerable applause. But poetical puns are rather mean and fragile materials for—I was going to say, fame—but Mr. Hood, no doubt, clenched them for something more substantial. Speaking of rhyming punsters, Butler remarks, he "is a poet of small wares, whose muse is short of wind, and quickly out of breath. He is a kind of vagabond writer, that is never out of his way, for nothing is beside the purpose with him, that purposes nothing at all. His works are like a running banquet, that have much variety, but little of a sort; for he deals in nothing but scraps and parcels, like a tailor's broker."

[3] "Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
GOLDSMITH.

From living fools to parted greatness turn,
And shed an heart-flowed tear on Byron's urn : [1]
Oh ! when again will Britain give to birth
A master mind of such gigantic worth,
Whose genius brightened into quenchless blaze,
And bade the world one glorious altar raise ! [2]
" His thoughts more boundless than the dark blue sea,"
With Grecian soul he wished the Grecian free ;
And like a hero, sought the battle plain,
To die in arms, or burst the Moslem chain.

The reader will excuse the few unpretending lines devoted to Lord Byron above. I thought they might be tired of a long list of fools and poetasters, and that the name of Byron would be a passing relief. There is such romance about his character, life, and fame, that he would of himself form a subject adequate for the finest poem. However, he wants no stony record to perpetuate his name; it will flourish ever-green, when generations shall have passed off, and the indiscretions of youth shall be forgotten; when the sneers of political turncoats shall cease, and calumnious envy wither away, till truth blossom in its place.

[2] *Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πασα γῆ τάφος·*
THUCYD

But blighting Death then struck his noble prey,
And sadly darken'd Freedom's dawning day ;
The same glad guns that greeted him to shore
For clay-cold Byron pealed their minute roar!

In Missolonghi, when his spirit fled, [dead!
What sorrowing thousands mourned their guardian
Then, tears of love and homage fell for thee,
Phillenic minstrel of the brave and free!
No listless pomp, no mock heraldic glare,
No sembled sobs prophan'd thy funeral there ;
But down-cast eyes, and drops of faithful woe,
Were eloquence beyond all art to show ;
When slowly moving with their lifeless load,
Thy weeping Greeks paced o'er the dismal road :
An oaken case then formed thy couch of rest,
A soldier's cloak fell mantling o'er the chest ;
Helmet and sword, with coronetted green,—
These obsequies made all the funeral scene ;

But each attending breeze that wandered by
Bore up to Heaven an unaffected sigh,
While Britons, Suliot troops, and warriors wild,
Stood musing mourners for the peerless *Childe.*

What! though the withering tongue of Envy feeds
Her venomed hatred on thine early deeds,—
Thou wert the generous, great, sincere and proud,
High as the eaglet on her misty cloud;
A spirit born with energies sublime,
A heart that softened with increasing time;
In life, luxurious as thy fancy's sway,
In judgment lofty, and in reason gay;—
Whose soul was breathing incense to the Nine,
There worked the moral and the glow divine [1]

[1] This is not the place for me to cant a little à la evangelical, about the moral delinquencies of Lord Byron. Let Southey and his immaculate regiment do this, though I would recommend him always to read beforehand, a *few small questions* put in the Morning Chronicle, in 1824, after his malignant froth in the Courier. One thing must ever be regretted, that Lord B—— could allow

Methinks I see thee stand on Pisa's shore,[1]
With Elba and Gorgona's isles before;

himself to be connected with a certain blushless gang of blasphemous cocknies.

" ..... Worked to the lust of doing ill."

But to balance against his failings, whatever they may be, how many kindling acts are there of generosity, of unostentatious goodness, and genuine philanthropy! One of the creatures whom he so kindly befriended, turned out his anonymous lampooner. The retainer could not eat his pudding, and hold his tongue!

[1] The following interesting, though not well written description, is taken from "Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron"—a work that nobody knew how to criticise when it first came out:—18th of August. "On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate, I revisited Pisa, and on the day of my arrival learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the sea-shore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend. We came to a spot marked by an old withered trunk of a Fir tree, and near it on the beach stood a solitary hut covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's grave. A few weeks before, I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot, which I afterwards revisited more than once:—in front was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless Mediterranean with the isle of Elba and Gorgona. Lord Byron's anchor in the offing;—on the other side, an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited;—here and there interspersed in tuffs with underwood, curved by the sea-breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast, stood high square towers, for the double

Where, sadly silent by the crumbled dead,
While flit the curlew screaming round thy head,
Thou bend'st in voiceless sorrow o'er the heap,
Where Keats and Shelly's mingled ashes sleep!

As when the tempest breeze begins to wake,
And infant ripples curl upon the lake;
So pensive bosoms by thy muse are stirred,
Till wilder movements rise at every word,

purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense *extent* [how very *extensive* Mr. M. is!] of the Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque, from their volcanic and manifold appearances; which, being composed of white marble, give their summits the resemblance of snow. As a foreground to this picture, appeared an extraordinary group,—Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, [poor fellow! doubtless he was thinking how he should manage the next No. of the "Liberal;"]—lying back in the carriage, the four horses ready to drop with the heat of the noon-day sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps, attracted by the body, whirled in such narrow circles round the pile, that it might have been struck with the hand; and was so fearless, that it could not be driven away."

And passions rallying at thy grand controul,
Make every feeling seem a single soul!—
Entranced we trace thee by each path and stone,
Till Harold's pilgrimage becomes our own;
Then on! o'er mountain, rock, and green-waved sea,
Borne with thy thoughts, we pause,—adore with thee!
No towering tomb thou need'st that fane to grace,
Where sleep thy fellow, though less noble race;
Thou liv'st, enchanter, in thy living line,
The best of monuments for fame like thine!

END OF PART I.

THE AGE REVIEWED.

PART II.

". . . . . now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be: for I avow,
That, till we see what's what,—we're far
From much improvement with that virtuous plough
Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
Upon the black loam, long manured by Vice,
Or to keep its corn at the old price."

BYRON.

By the advice of some experienced literary friends, the author has divided the Poem into two Parts: as this was not his original intention, the reader will perceive no formal introduction. It is however hoped that the illustrious name in the first line, will be an ample recompence.

THE

AGE REVIEWED.

PART II.

. . . . . Θρασύ μοι τόδ' εἰπεῖν

. . . . . .

Μαλακὰ μὲν φρονέων ἐσλοῖς

Τραχὺς δὲ παλιγκότοις ἔφεδρος

Πινδ. Nem. VII.—4.

HAVE mercy Smith![1]—what novels bend the shelves,
In fat octavoes and in flimsy twelves![2]

[1] Mr. Horace Smith:—who was rather unceremoniously dished up in the last number of "Murray's Cookery Book."

[2] The novel-manufacturers are more abundant than any other

Those printed gew-gaws to defile the crude,
Where Fashion yearns to cuckold or be woo'd ;
And sentimental misses and coquettes,
Like sucking pigs, whine out their soft regrets:—
Here school girls learn the load-stone of their eyes,
The flush of feeling and exchange of sighs ;
Each heart-felt twitch romantic love endures,
Till passion tickles,—and elopement cures!
E'en sluttish housemaids crib a farthing light,
To whimper o'er the novel's page by night;
And then, like heroines, scorning to be wed,
Next night make John the hero of their bed!

kind of scribblers. Doubtless SOME of these works tend to benefit men and manners, but their influence is counteracted by the baneful lessons, and fashionable voluptuousness teeming in the far greater number. It is astonishing how universally they are read. There is scarcely a link-boy that cannot describe his favourite heroine, or a housemaid that cannot prate on her admired hero.—Assuredly, too, we may say of the ordinary fashionable novel—"Hic liber est conglutinatus ex tam multis libris, quot unus pinguis cocus, oves, boves, sues, grues, auseres, passeres, coquere, aut unus fumosus, calefactor centum magna hypocausta ex illis calefacere possit."

Epist. Obs. Vio.

How sweetly tempting, flounce the florid troop
Of pleasing sinners in the novel group,
While sensual mewlings charm the easy ear,
Till every crime is worshipped with a tear!
A wanton maid, voluptuous, sweet as May,
Shaped like a Venus from the ocean spray,
Is doomed, (frail thing!) to pluck her virgin flower,
For some young rake, within a moonlit bower:—
Severe to judge, such SIMPLE NATURE there!
"Bewail! sobs Léfanú [1]—an injured fair!" [2]

[1] Miss Léfanú is the author of multitudinous neatly-vamped novels, not at all deficient in those purifying graces and qualities usually found in those of the Minerva manufactory. Helme and Rouviere with unnumbered other hirelings, help to constitute Mr. Newman's crew. *Apropos*, the following circumstance, illustrative of Newman's literary distinctions, was told me by one, whose word I have no reason to doubt:—A novel, miserably written, and equally wretched in the orthographical department, the work of a courtezan, was offered to Newman. The person who took it, frankly related the particulars, and was about to express some other opinion, when Mr. N. very promptly interrupted, him by "No matter, Sir,—no matter, Sir,—we are used to these kind of things; you know my terms!!"

[2] What would become of fashionable life, without novels!—

Each week turns out a garbled lump of shame,—
Some pand'ring novel with a far-fetched name,—
Or wind-blow from disorder'd craniums blown,
The filthy brain-work of the small "Unknown:"
High-pric'd the venal grubs their varnish sell,
'Twill warm old maids and titillate the belle;
From them will Jerdan peck, and Colburn puff,
Till all but author cry out,—"*quantum suff!*"

Thou book-worn hack of Swansea, cease to write,
May each vile volume wither from our sight;

There are many who spend their existence in devouring novels and scandal. Since writing the note above, a novel, called "Falkland," *auspice*, Colburn,—has made its appearance: this work is a complete illustration of all that I have said on the baneful effect of indiscriminate novel reading. Put "Falkland" into the hands of any young person of common mind, and he will not fail to be intoxicated with the charms of adultery:—There is a most romantic scene in it: a naughty married lady and gentleman, commit a terrible *faux pas* under a tree.—We are told, too, that just at the awful moment, the thunders rolled—the rain-drops pattered—and then we have
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

And with thee, Helme, and all the junto end,
That live by lech'ry, and for sluggards vend.

The season buds with boundless book-supply,
New hacks to barter, and new fools to buy;
Lo! on the fly-leaf of each awful page,
What pen-born wonders to astound the age!
Now for a harvest of seven-shilling dowers,—
Now for the puff whose promise overpowers!
SELECT OLD BUNDLES OF REMEMBER'D LIES,
A GENTEEL PLAN FOR MAKING MUTTON PIES;—
THE TALES OF VAGABONDS, ON LAND AND SEA,
And rhyme by furlongs,—treatises on tea:—
But oh! turn liquid all ye mouths of ton!—
What nice new novel prate the times upon? [1]

[1] Novels can be crammed down the public, just in the same style as the Hamiltonian System, Kalydor, Blacking, Champagne, and other bottled wonders. In one respect, the novel-publishers have an advantage: they can attribute their "printed things," to some magnificent, illustrious Nobody.—O, thou sublime genius, Nobody!—Thou hast been humbugging the world ever since the creation.

'Tis buzzed by blues from Bond Street to May Fair,—
The papers hint, [1]—the novel-shops declare—
A flashy hodge-podge, by a certain dame
Of ancient kennel and reputed fame,
From Colburn's winter stock, will straight appear,—
Ye wittals tremble, and ye beldames fear!

[1] At this very hour, I see the papers are teeming with advertisements of forthcoming novels. Nobody should ask, "What's in a name?" since the reign of novels. The title is the best thing belonging to half of them. The Parson;—The Soldier;—The Sailor;—The Beau Monde;—The Black Monde;—The Blue Monde;—Flirtation;—Dissipation;—all sorts of Halls,—all kinds of De Somebodys'. Such are the fashionable titles.

Novels in the Press.

PUBLICATION. By Henry Colburn, Esq.
Catchpenny Hall. By the author of Vivian Grey.
Gullibility. By the author of Almacks.
Pickles. By the author of Tor Hill.
Blue Devils. By the author of Frankenstein.
Something. By the author of Nothing.
De Puff, or, The Man of Dependence. By W. Jerdan, Esq.

London:
Published by Henry Humbug, at Cozen-all-Corner.

"We understand, from good authority, that some of Mr. Humbug's novels for the season, will create no small stir."—*John Bull.*

'Tis out!—the slaud'rous tattle of each room,—
Belinda's ancle, and Theresa's plume,—
The sweet soft mewlings of each luckless bawd,
The eye that melted and the frown that awed;
All the stewed malice of each flirt-famed street,—
Within three tomes of scribble most complete!
The gifted parent of this heavenly lore?—
D'Israeli,—Hook,—or any vain-struck bore.

Dull Vivian Grey,[1] that fluster'd for awhile,
Tremaine,[2] whose vapours made the Deist smile;

[1] Vivian Grey, by Mr. D'Israeli, Jun. made some little noise, through the puffing talents of unequalled Colburn, and the fashionable nonsense its pages contained; such as a well-bred eaves-dropping lacquey might have collected:—the second part, exceeded in stupidity all the dross of the first.

[2] *Tremaine*, certainly tended to a good purpose—it was quite freed from any impurities. But the feeble attempt at religious argument, instead of converting, only tended to heighten the jeering sophistry of the infidels. The remaining novels here introduced, are well-known, and, I hope, their writer's talents.

Cosnètt's fine trump'ry, furbished for the fop,
Approved Matilda—smelling of the shop:—
The monster Frankenstein, from Shelley's brain,
Enjoyed, like other trash, a spurious reign:
But bungling blasphemy concealed in "Truth,"
Came, culled by Hunt, to taint unheedful youth![1]
Thou cankered Pagan! never may'st thou win
By impious sneers, one convert to thy sin.

One word to thee, whose cheap-bought brains[2] supply
The lettered garbage for each reading stye:

[1] The despicable attempt of the author of "Truth," was as sly as the volume was vapid:—

"Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum et alto,
Pingue, caret culpa, nescit qui perdat,
Demersus summa sursum non bullit in unda."
PERS. SAT. III.

[2] Lest I may be mistaken, I beg leave to say, that the "cheap-bought brains," refer to Mr. Newman's troop of scribblers,—not to himself.

Will not the hoarded heaps within thy chest
Feed the vile cravings of a selfish breast?
Go, monger,—all thy manufact'ry stop,
And drive the novel-panders from thy shop;
Yet, ere thou leave the fetid mass of lies
The minion of thy Pallas press supplies;
Think on the taintless hearts thy dross defiled,—
Think on the youthful ones thy hacks have wiled!
In thy lewd leaves how many pens have taught,
The filth of fancy, and the lust of thought;
The cackled wailings of lascivious lore,—
The heart to perjure, and the tact to whore.

Since Harriet's [1] terse aristocratic tale,
Improved the ton with memoirs of the frail,

[1] Miss Wilson's works shewed her like a lady of some judgment, —with an admirable foresight she contrived to *suit the taste* of the higher circles. With regard to her crime, of publishing such a work I have nothing to say, for the present. Allowing that half of her volumes were a concoction of lies, what do the remainder of her revelations prove?

Lo, grey-haired vanity has mimed the dame,
By printing records of forgotten shame.[1]
Now, gouty dramatists, whose brains run o'er,
Concoct for sale an egotistic store;—
Some prime *bon mots*, or puns of Adam's time,
Some sweet remembrances of youthful crime;—
Thus handsome Reynolds[2] in two prurient tomes,
Reveals his black-eyed strumpet, plots and homes;

[1] I was glad to see the "Quarterly," really attempt to effect some good, by lashing the memoir-scribblers, reminiscent-furbishers, &c. —The impudence of these auto-biographists has surmounted all that their dearest associates could have anticipated: in a little time we may expect every amusive vagabond will favour the public with a record of his former delinquencies and eccentricities:—

> "..... Here's a hot age,
> When such petty penmen covet
> Fame by folly!—On, I'll prove it
> Scurvy, by thy part, and try thee
> By thine own wit."
>
> THE SUN'S DARLING.

[2] Mr. Reynolds would not have injured his witty volumes, by omitting to relate his connection with the black-eyed lady. There was nothing at all singular in his keeping a mistress.

Next, Keefe,[1] at fourscore, piles loquacious chaff,
In praise of jorums, green rooms, self, and raff;
While vapid Craven,[2] though a Margravine,
Pourtrays her phiz—not all that she has been!
The last mean vamper of recorded trash,
Comes sleepy Boaden[3]—sniffing for the cash.

Columbian deeds in story scarcely reign,
E'en Cook and Otaheite are on the wane;

[1] Keefe's Reminiscences were wretched, and paltry to a degree. It is a pity he should have burdened his valuable memory with such bagatelles.

[2] Lady Craven is very fond of informing us of her youthful personal charms, and attractive attributes.

[3] Poor Mr. Boaden!—poor Mr. Boaden!—is a most respectable gentleman:—But, he had some inveterate foe, who persuaded him he was an excellent delineative critic! His "Life of Kemble," was little else but a transcription of common newspaper criticisms:—and as for his attempt at Mrs. Siddons!—no one can doubt, after reading this, what an extensive collection of play-bills is in the possession of James Boaden, Esq. How dearly celebrity is purchased! every body puts up his little pop-gun pen, and fires at it.

So fast learn'd vagabonds defame the earth, [1]
So fast their blund'ring quartos spring to birth!

[1] What a nuisance our tourists are become! Can't they be contented with reading their garbled anecdotes, sign-post records, tap-room adventures, &c. to their own beloved relations on their return? Why is the public eye to be for ever attracted to some high-flavoured advertisement—and the pocket of the unwise to be emptied by these conceited travellers? Nobody, now, can voyage a few hundred miles, to pay his respects to a grandmother, or "in obedience to the dictates of a revered father, by whose wishes a common-place book was kept,"—without printing, on his return, an account of a journey across—the Lord knows where. The observations that many of these travellers insert, too, are in the highest degree ludicrously trifling.

Journal of a Voyage from my lodgings in Holborn, to Black-friar's Bridge. *March 20th*, 3 o'clock, P. M. Left my street door in a very warm cloak, felt the wind blow bleakly on my nose; a poor woman curtsied, with "God bless your honour:"—regretted my inability, and passed on. The faces of the passengers appeared tinged with blue, and the ladies began to think the breezes very rude with their dresses. On my arrival at the top of Chancery Lane, found a dismal mixture of coaches and carts;—recommend all future travellers to go by the Southampton Buildings. Met some half hundred counsellors in Chancery Lane, all appeared remarkably hungry. The arch leading into the Court, is a very old one;—was unable to discover any remarkable inscription on it. An unfortunate accident occurred opposite this arch;—A huge

Pleased with the Pole, brave Parry sticks in ice,
Where Behring Straits and shaggy bears entice,

farmer, consisting of several tuns of blood, upset a poor woman's basket of eggs—observed that the yolks were yellow, and of a conglomerative nature;—must not omit to add—a crowd assembled. Ere I reached the bottom of this lane, saw Mrs. Coutts in her carriage—Lord Lauderdale doing the delightful by her side—thought the lady much improved in the *bon point*. I nearly left my shoes behind me, in crossing the road:—recommend all future travellers to wear wellingtons. St. Dunstan's iron-crusted clock-strikers were about to commence operations,—stood to observe them. While in the act of gazing upwards, the point of a passenger's umbrella nearly travelled through the narrow confines of my ribs: on my exclaiming,—the fellow grunted, "What he stand staring there for?" *Mem.* Recommend all future travellers not to stand still in the streets. The shops in Fleet Street, I found tolerably decent. Another accident occurred, as I passed along here:—A rustic booby introduced his elbow into a large pane of glass,—just saw the master of the shop gripe his shirt collar, and then passed. At the top of Bridge Street, three children were run over. (London, a terrible place for running over.) Arrived at Blackfriar's Bridge by half-past three, having performed my journey in a half-hour. *Mem.* On looking behind me, perceived no silk handkerchief was hanging from my pocket,—and, that I was sadly splashed:—recommend all travellers to take a coach, instead of walking."—I am sure this portion of my journal ought to be duly read, and liberally quoted by the public press,—although there be no "accompanying engravings, by the first-rate artists."

Awhile, with grog and whiskey, warms the year—
Can John Bull deem a three-pound quarto dear?

Disturbed at Parry's fame, a moon-struck race,
Forsake at once their creditors and place;—
To measure pyramids,—descend a tomb,
And filch a mummy from its catacomb;—
Or traverse deserts on a camel's back,
And prove that China's walls kept Tartars back!—
Dispose the Nile, and hear a sea-pig roar,
Convert a Mussulman, or shoot a boar:

Sail over Dover's Straits, with book to note,
Observe each sign-post,—get each inn by rote,
With Denham's glance, survey the land and sky,
How gluttons gobble, and how French cooks fry,
Ransack the Louvre, yawn at classic plays,
Depict Parisian modes, and Sabbath-days,
Mark priest-blind Charles his ivory cross adore,
Contrive three volumes, and denote them "Tour,"

" A Tour to France !" the crazy public cries,—
Reviewers gap—and Prince Puff Colburn buys!

Some scrawl eternal, though plain sense condemns,
And limping languor all the spirit stems ;
Like raw-boned hacknies, tottering on by age,
These groan and waddle through their tiresome page ;
By thirty years of sordid scribble worn,
See Hazlitt [1] dish up tomes to feast our scorn !
And send his gather'd scraps redress'd and bound,
Defiled with filthy fume,—to run their round :
Abortive Boswell, [2] hold thy wire-drawn stuff,
Full long thy lech'rous pen has dripp'd enough :

[1] Mr. Hazlitt is as deeply imbued with the venom of party-spirit, as Carlile or Taylor could reasonably desire. He is determined that his writings shall not be read for want of publication; they come out in all manner of times and shapes. When will this talented, but perverted writer, atone for the publication of the beastly book above alluded to?

[2] Hazlitt's title in the New Monthly Mag.

Think on Pygmalion!—may the slaver rot,
And though in wither'd lewdness slink forgot:

Bright in a maze of words, dame Morgan [1] scribes,
Deistic verbiage for deistic tribes;—
A titled ranter, whose embroider'd style,
Fumes far too much of blasphemy and guile;
Fie, Morgan!—wear thy petticoat with grace,
In female mildness take the female's place;
Our priests and kings, religion's sainted rite,
Resist the heathen, and confute his spite;
The quill-trade cease, till virtuous warmth dilate,
And change for public love, thy bestial hate.

[1] Lady Morgan, though a gentlewoman of eminent abilities, is abominably devoted to the pernicious cant of reviling democrats;—she is forever intruding her horrid doctrines in her writings. Surely this is not only debasing, but perfectly unsexual. Does Lady M. think herself the more admirable for being a Hazlitt in petticoats, as far as regards her political and religious principles? Was Mævia more unwomanly?

"..... Mævia Tuscum,
Figat aprum, et nudâ teneat venabula mammâ?"
Juv. I. 2, 3.

Pierce Egan!—[1] thou, whose polished pen can throw
Round bulls and asses, a descriptive glow;
Poetic painter of the proud delight,
When ruby noses rattle at the fight,—
While lords and lubbers emulate their grooms,
Thy name on every hunting bonnet blooms!
When dead, thine image hung on "Pussy's" tail,
Will raise the jehu's sob, and jockey's wail;
To thy clean page of never-hidden sense,
Our Berkley blossoms owe each fine pretence;
There, dung-rear'd minions learn manuring lore,
And giggling Jerries to be Toms no more!

From authors, turn we to the critic tribe,
Well panoplied with serpent eye and gibe;

[1] For inexhaustible facetiousness, and all species of never-failing "fun," Mr. P. Egan merits more encomia than my humble pen can dictate. The above is but a small part of the "meed of his large honours."

The canine, noisome, unrepenting herd, [1]
That snarl, like bull dogs, o'er each luckless word;
Skilled but to jeer, or like poltroons assault,
Commit the blunder, and create the fault;—
Save frown and censure softly sink away
In the full languishment of balmy pay!

Who reads to trust?—who dreams the dies of heaven
Will last unchanged from morning to the even?
Who thinks to split a rainbow with a straw,
Or find a gem in every goose's maw?
Such puling puppets are the critics turned,
By craft and perjury, their bread is earn'd;
Lurked back, like spiders in their dismal holes,
They mangle merit, and belie their souls.

[1] Having, in a former note, alluded to the critics, I have little to remark here. No one can possibly more respect the province of legitimate criticism, than myself; but I ask any unbiassed observer, if the generality of modern critics do not come under the description I have given?

To mark the glow of fancy on the page,
The lucid picture and conception sage,
Those genial graces of vivacious style,
That deck the subject while the truths beguile;—
To trace the fearless beauties of each line,
Dissect the parts, and then the whole combine;
Unwarped by hate or parasitic zeal,
Chastise all faults, and yet all merits feel,—
Thus should the critic o'er the book preside,
While taste selects, and wisdom leads the guide.

The Quarter's Oracle,[1]—of whigs the fear,
Where tories fumble, and apostates sneer;

[1] We ought scarcely to be surprised at the venalism and malignancy displayed by the minor reviews, when the "Quarterly," the leading journal of England, sets so glorious an example of party petulance, quibbling impotence, and malevolent sophistry. I do not so much dislike its principles, as the manner in which they are introduced, and made to tyrannize over all other considerations. It is disgraceful to the literature of this country, when the leading critics are so degraded,—such petty-minded hirelings.

Mr. Buckingham's cause, made Murray and his regiment to

What fawning fools compose the scribbling crew,
What brainless bantams strut in John's Review!
Three-fourths o'erspread with ministerial fume,
And only one to knell the author's doom![1]
Here, cackling noodles tuned to Lockhart's croak,
At sixteen pounds per sheet, the whigs provoke;
Or vap'ry vengeance on some victim wreak,
And wither genius for a paltry pique;
Minions to Lockhart and to Murray's wink,[2]
For hire, they hack and howl, and forge and think!

"cut a poor figure." Here was proof substantial, that any pert piece of aristocratic impudence, colleagued with the "Quarterly," may be permitted to enjoy all the rascalities of anonymous criticism, under the protection of its venal pages! Oh! John Absolute!—oh!

[1] A review in the "Quarterly," is, for the most part, a medium for political discussion. The title of the book, is frequently placed at the head of a review, merely for consistency's sake: probably a casual line will advert to the book!

[2] Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech.
POPE.

Ram of the flock, apostate Southey [1] there,
For FIFTY pounds purveys a double share;—
Sometimes a lump of Gifford's [2] fiendish hate,
Completes a volume, and upholds the state;
Next Milman, [3] cresting up his full-blown self,
Defames for envy, and reviews for pelf;
And grins, like Croker, when his curse o'erthrows,
The minds that rival his ten-footed prose:

[1] Mr. Southey is as influential as Lockhart himself, over the conduct of the "Quarterly." He generally obtains £50, and sometimes more, for his own articles,—a distinction, as far as regards the style, perhaps not undeserved. *Query*, Would it not be quite as well, if Mr. Southey would occasionally forget to recommend his own merits when he is reviewing?

[2] The above lines, respecting Mr. Gifford, were written before his death.—I see no necessity to remove them, after it. I admired his talents, but never envied the goodness of his heart; and few will disagree with me, I believe, for my present allusion to him. He was as sullen, morose, and malignantly inclined, as he was caustic and powerful at his pen.

[3] It is dangerous to say which is most the victim of self-conceit—Milman, or Southey: perhaps Milman is the more envious of the two, and by far the less talented.

Coleridge and Barrow,[1] in their equal turn,
For proper dabs the Murray stipend earn.

Let Croker now, depicting notice share,
That Aristarchian prig from Russell Square;
So orthodox in apish Brummell's creed,
His virgin eyes can scarce another read!—
If frothy pertness and presuming taste,
Ironic venom and resentful haste;—
Create the critic now—then thou art he;
In these, smug Croker, who can rival thee?

Was Pope ne'er wanton,—peevishly impure,
Desire too raging for his strength to cure?
Did Blount not dawdle with the "thinking rake,"
And Wortley's naked limbs his transports wake,—

[1] Coleridge, and Barrow:—both these worthy masters of the quill, are among the "Quarterly" troop: there are, besides, some hundred occasional recruits;—but "let them pass."

Or send, when asked, the fair "Circassian" girl?
Did Pope chicane not with contracting Curl?

With jargon framed by folly and by spite,
And all his hatred stealing into light;
This pouncing scribbler in a fulsome rage,
Raked up perverting lies for Roscoe's page;[1]
And mauled the dregs that Gilchrist left behind,
To squeeze the innate poison from his mind!
Alack, for Roscoe! when so base a pen
Protects that Cruscan bard of "wooden men,"
Who beat by Bowles, bemoan'd for critic strength,
And sneak'd, and cring'd, till Croker whin'd at length!

[1] I have dwelt somewhat fully on the subject of Bowles and the Quarterly;—it was too important a subject to be passed over in silence, exhibiting, as it does, a perspicuous specimen of party virulence, and critical degeneracy, scarcely matched for perversion and falsity. Mr. Bowles has been the "persecuted," rather than the persecutor. Even to this day, he is censured by the lip-gabble of frothy Aristarchians, as the "rancorous persecutor of Pope's MORAL character!" After all, we must come to this conclusion,—*that* man's character is worth but little, that will not endure investigation.

Delicious task![1]—to wipe pollution clean,
And mete the moral by the verse obscene;

[1] The criticism here alluded to, appeared in the LXIVth. No. of the "Quarterly," in the year 1825. It was avowedly a review on Roscoe's edition of Pope; however, the reader, on perusing it, found little relative to Roscoe, but a mass of cowardly vituperations, and infamous attacks on the Rev. L. Bowles for his former edition of Pope. With regard to the critical contest respecting "nature and art," it is allowed by all, excepting Roscoe's "bottle-holders," that Bowles beat Byron, Campbell, and other antagonists, fairly and honourably out of the field. I wish to confine my brief observations to the treatment Mr. Bowles received from the Quarterly reviewer. To many, I am aware that my lines concerning Pope, may appear illiberal;—but why should they? It is impossible, utterly so, that any malignancy can affect me here:—they are introduced, to prove that, had Mr. Bowles been originally desirous of holding up Pope to the light of infamy,—as REGARDS his SENSUALISM,—*Pope himself* could have supplied him with ample proofs. He has denominated himself, the "most unthinking rake alive:"—and how often do his published letters allude to his illicit connections and indulged obscenities? "But," say the "Pope-pollution" defenders, "What right had Mr. Bowles to rake up the delinquencies of Pope? Why should he attempt to blacken his fame? Why anxiously introduce the man's faults? Why were his notes 'a wasp's nest,' and he himself 'a bush fighter?'"

But, is Mr. Bowles, I reply, is he actually guilty of all this?—or was it the "Quarterly" sneaking "bush-fighting" critic, that, secure in his hire and obscurity, penned his malicious libel against one of the best of men? Let any reader, unprejudiced by the common drawing-room cant of those who have never ex-

To pile up slanders on a virtuous head,
And stab the living to support the dead!

amined—let such, I say, read over Bowles's Life of Pope, and he will in vain look for any malice, or purposed detraction. Of course, Mr. Bowles, as a biographer, had a faithful task to perform; as a clergyman, a gentleman, and a scholar,—a duty to attend to. How he has done this, will be seen by referring to the "Life;"—I repeat it—*for, the quotations from Bowles's Pope, as exhibited in the Quarterly Review, are either mis-quoted, or wilfully twisted, to supply the livid enmity of the reviewer, with matter for censure.*

Who brought into the blaze of light, Pope's most disgusting impurities?—HIS DEFENDERS! Who caused the obscene imitation of Horace, of which I had not said one word in my "Life of Pope," to be brought into such infamous publicity?—Pope's DEFENDERS! Who *forced out* the specimens—some of which were too scandalous to be printed, even in self-defence; who *forced* out these specimens of his indecency to married and unmarried women?—HIS DEFENDERS! Who dragged all his frailties most glaringly into light?—His late stupid—his besotted—his hypocritical—and his BLIND DEFENDERS!!!—*Bowles' Lessons in Criticism, in Answer to Roscoe's Letter on Pope, &c.*

One passage from Bowles's Life of Pope, I will produce:—

"Whatever might have been his defects, HE (Pope) could not be said to have many bad qualities, who never lost a friend; and whom Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, Lyttleton, Fortescue, and Murray, ESTEEMED and LOVED through life."—*Life of Pope*, vol. I.

What can any reader think after reading the above passage, and many others, breathing the sentiments of a most amiable heart,—of the reviewer, who attempted to brand the character of Bowles,

While genius flowing from a source refined,
And all the gentler graces of the mind ;
While spotless age, more reverend as more grey,
Adorn our isle, and consecrate their day,—
Thy honours, Bowles, shall wear perennial bloom,
And Fame her halo shed around thy tomb :
When all this bribe-fed gang shall sleep forgot,
And dust unhonour'd strew their burial spot,
Relenting Time shall pay its just arrears,
Thy soul in heaven, thy memory in our tears !

That bloated reveller on poor Longman's purse,
Reviewing laird of English prose and verse,

with detestable imputations?—and dared, in the face of truth, honour, and all that should be sacred to the observance of the critic and man, to accuse him with "the filth of his fancy?" &c. I explain the reason of this most dastardly attack of conspired "bush-fighters," by reverting to Roscoe; whose well-deserved smarts Croker wished to heal, by slandering Bowles!! Of such conduct, no honest bosom can entertain but *one* feeling. For the virtues, the genius, and the urbanity of Mr. Bowles, I have the greatest veneration; and this, I hope, will sufficiently apologise for the introduction of so long a note.

Self-loving Jeffrey,—butchers still content,
Pleased with his hire, and proud of his descent: [1]—
Around him, crawl the insects of his will,
With blushless zeal to prostitute their quill;
Or torture talent, and prophanely hack
The hunted victims of their pen and pack.

Though all the knaves of Edinburgh confess,
Their Scotch Review the censor of the press,
The froth and fury of this reckless league,
Betray the infamies of whig intrigue:—

[1] For Mr. Jeffrey's new-found ancestor, *vide* Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewer:—The principles of the Edinburgh Review continue as vile as ever, though it no longer exhibits that talent which formerly distinguished it. Mr. Jeffrey "draws very largely" on the Bank of Longman and Co. for his Aristarchian services;—of course he would not be very patriotic if he paid liberally to the contributors. Aptly indeed may we ask,

Criticus, assuetus urere, secare, inclementa omnis generis libros tractare, apices, syllabas, voces, dictiones conjodere et stylo exigere, NON CONTINEBIT ISTE AB INTEGRO STATU CRUDELES UNGUES?

Whose heath'nish tongue praised Europe's murd'ring foe
Who wiped the blood-stains of his frequent blow,—
And, linked with Jacobins, have vilely sneer'd,
At England's glories, and her rites revered ?
Whose Jesuistic rant has tried to fan,
And raise up rebels from the vulgar clan ?—
The Scotch Review !—th' accursed vamp for all
That surly Brougham, or simpering Sidney scrawl,
For all the inebriate lies of party rage,
And dunghill democrats that soil the age ;....
Oh ! might discerning Truth her foes surpass,
And fling from England's isle, this vip'rous mass !

Supremely blest ! who, far from Jerdan's frown,[1]
Obtains a column for his week's renown ;

[1] Mr. William Jerdan is, "take him all in all," the most good-natured of those critics, not overburdened with discrimination and

Like warbling Sappho, bends his pliant quill,
To push a poem up Parnassus' hill ; [1]
Then, smooth that stream of praise, to authors dear,—
For tickled Jerdan lends a listening ear !
O, could'st thou, Aristarchus of Cockaigne,
In praise or censure, but exhibit brain,

talent:—perhaps it is somewhat creditable to him that he has brought his Gazette to such an unrivalled circulation as it now enjoys. The most remarkable circumstance of all is, the doltish complacency with which all the country critics quote and adopt the critiques in the L. G——! If some of them knew as much about the conducting of this Review as he who writes this note, they would learn to judge for themselves. I am aware that I am subjecting myself unto a bit of dirty DAMNATION, (the cant critical phrase, reader) but really I cannot resist writing a little truth,—though

"..... Reviews,
Shall dub me scribbler, and denounce my Muse."

[1] It is rather audacious for Mr. Jerdan to pronounce so positively on poetry, being himself so incapable of stringing a few decent verses together. Shaftesbury says—"every WRITING critic is bound to shew himself capable of being a writer; for, if he be apparently impotent in this latter kind, he is to be denied all title or character in the other."—What says Mr. Jerdan?

No more, as critic-monger, puffs indite,
And keep thy lazy doggerel from the light;
By noble justice, but betray a soul
Above the pique, or parasite's controul,—
From thy thick skull, the readers yet might hope
To catch a truth, though dribbling from a mope.

Gad-fly of buzzing critics, slily sour,
The dabbling verseman of a venal hour;
With finger'd neckcloth, Alaric [1] appears,
His name abhorrent e'en to "devils'" ears; [2]

[1] Mr. Alaric Watts, author of a pretty little volume of pretty poems, was impudent enough to collect, what he, in his mighty wisdom, denominated "the Plagiarisms of Lord Byron;" and to publish them. Was this envy, or malice, or stupidity, or, (what is most probable) an attempt to rise on the partial ruins of Byron's fame?—His own heart is best acquainted with the motive. His literary tricks, and sly paragraphic slanders in Gazettes, public Papers, Journals, &c. are well known to me, and to all who have had the misfortune to be connected with him.

[2] Printers—of course.

For friend, and printer, artist,—all aver
Thee, Alaric, a true poetic cur:
Delighted, when revengeful envy throws
Thy bilious drivel, on some verse, or prose,—
Entranced, if Jerdan yield a barter'd page,
Where, on young merit thou canst vomit rage,—
In heaven itself, when callous lies can doom,
Emerging talent to thy former gloom!
Did Byron's laurels feel thy blackening slime,
And forged detection of his thought and rhyme?
Did Wisdom thank thee for the fierce lampoon,
Or dub thee, "Pasquin," and a worse poltroon?
How well the grov'ling task adorn'd thy fame,—
To link a Byron to piratic shame!
For this dull deed, may ne'er thy rhyme again
Crawl through a page, or hobble in a strain;
But injured genius blast thy venal muse,
And drive thee, snarler, to thy fostering blues;

Remorseful there, dissect THY feeble line,
And print us all the tinsel, PURELY thine. [1]

We hail that day, when Romish fetters ceased [2]
To slave the press,—and candid powers released,
Allowed each Briton honest truth to cite,
And strength and weakness, their alternate right;

[1] Doubtless, the reader must remember, that while all the rest of the world were pouring forth their homage to the genius of Byron, the Literary Gazette was making itself stupidly singular, by cavilling and pecking at his Lordship, in all manner of ways. In this respect, partial injustice has been done to Jerdan; the "Plagiarisms" (as they were called,) of Lord Byron," were grubbed up by Alaric Watts, to whose envious despotism, Jerdan had, for awhile delivered the critical reins. Alaric Watts was never much esteemed before this;—after this mean attempt, the littleness of his soul was too apparent to escape universal censure.

[2] That greedy Roman Pontiff, Sixtus IV. established inquisitors of the press; without whose licence, no work was printed.

But now, the press with lawless sway outgoes,[1]
Denouncing private, more than public foes;
The good and great, the noble and the mean,
Alike endure the arrows of its spleen.

Lord of the squib, and primate of the pun,
Fat Theodore, thy wreaths for these are won!

[1] The Liberty of the Press, is, doubtless, one of our greatest national blessings; but it is now daily perverted to the most debasing feelings. Would that the editors of our papers

FINEM DIGNUM et optimo viro et opere sanctissimo faciant;

How admirably Dr. Goldsmith's opinions apply to the existing state of the press.—"Of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life;—from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse; and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner, the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle; and the weak from fear; till at last, every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults."

The ton's hired Comus thou,—thy brains each week
Can void in columns, puns thou dar'st not speak;[1]
Who, prompt, like thee, can hatch an unclean joke,
Or give to bawdy wit the master stroke?
So meaningly, who throw the smutty hint,—
Thou punning improvisator in print?
May George enrol thee for his Windsor fool,
A dinner wit, surpassing Villiers' school!

The meanest carle that vends a Sunday sheet,
Whose pen can perjure till the lie's complete,[2]

[1] It is rather paradoxical, that the paper chiefly intended for the higher classes, should most abound in obscene witticisms, abortive puns, generally half libellous, and wholly disgusting. The John Bull seems to become more filthy in its allusions, in proportion to its decrease in talent.

[2] "Half froth, half venom spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies."

Lampooning Hunt,—[1] with fiendish growl appeals,
And licks the refuse shook from Cobbett's heels;

[1] "Ecce iterum Crispinus."—Of course the Examiner, conducted by Mr. Hunt, is here alluded to. I cannot conceive a more despicable meanness of soul, than the editor of this rancorous sheet of printed blasphemies frequently evinces. He seems *delighted* in ridiculing every trait of mind that is venerable:—in spitting his poisonous spite not only at the most virtuous characters, but at every thing holy, and which tends to improve mankind. It is amusing to hear such demagogues as Hunt, Cobbett, Carlile and Co. talk of the bigotry and intemperance of the more respectable parties in politics! Who are such bitter slanderers, such cavilling dastards, as the greater part of the Democrats? Why should Mr. Hunt throw out his profane insinuations, and insert the beastly surmises of French philosophy, in his paper? Are the columns of a public paper the proper conveyers of indiscriminate blasphemy?—The injury would be less likely to subvert the welfare of mankind, if its circulation could be confined to those who are capable of detecting the sophistries of pretended patriots, and feeling proper disgust for their propagators:—but this is not the case. The ignorant read, as well as the informed; and thus, many are imbued with infidelity, while religious scoffers are increased. The cant of "freedom," "toleration," and other captivating words, coming from such men as Hunt, is as nauseous as it is hypocritical. We may say of him, and his ribaldrous gang,———"cum præsentibus copiis PERDITORUM, et minis, et NEFARIO FŒDERE, servitute oppressam civitatem tenerent—*Libertatis signum posuerunt magis ad ludibrium impudentiæ, quam ad simultationem religionis!*—CICERO.

Traducive hack! still vent, perversely vile,
Each feeling fester'd with malignant bile;
In slang and bawd'ry vomit forth abuse,
Too virulently vile for London stews,—
Invigorate each Pagan joke that's stale,
And trim the musty filthiness of Bayle;
Re-mould the sceptic dust of dead Voltaire,
And in his vileness trace thy portrait there;
Be all, and more, than Virtue can detest,—
The rabble's patron, and the empire's pest!

Are bards and editorial tools alone,
To malice pliant, and to trick'ry prone?
Let crews that comment on the classic page,[1]
Approve their claim—book-harpies of the age!

[1] The classics afford a most spacious field for literary humbug. A glance at the multiform editions teeming weekly from the press, will confirm the censure here exhibited against them. Texts on texts, notes on notes, added to the mass of "Variæ Lectiones," now render a small author exorbitantly large and expensive. It would be some consolation after all this, if the author's text were rendered

Or, breeding man-moths, with eternal notes,—
Whose purging mania ev'ry line devotes:
Heaven help the scholar, whom their frauds allure
To read the author, cleans'd by texts impure!
No Roman poet now,—no useless piece
Of mouldy nonsense filch'd from ancient Greece;
Creeps forth in print,—without a turgid mass
Of notes, from English, or from German ass:

To graduate, the hopeful firstling flies
To Cam, or where Oxonia's turrets rise;—
There quaffs his "Massic," drives a borrowed gig,
Games high, and bows before each powder'd wig;
Reads Ovid's Loves, Petronius, the Unclean,
And rivals Flaccus in his midnight scene;

pure, and elucidated; the contrary, however, happens. Every fresh editor has fresh conjectures, and long useless notes. The reader, who attempts to take what are conceitedly denominated the "emendations," for his assistant guides, will frequently find it more difficult to understand an author with, than without them.

Then leaves his girl for Plato's ethic sweets,
Or else, in Longus half his fellow greets ;—
Till primed with metre's true constructive laws,
And all the lore of "ictus" and of "pause,"—
The sharp-eyed pedant clears the college nooks,
And foists purgations into perfect books!

Ye insect Porsons! whose defrauding plan
Re-binds each blunder of confus'd Hermánn ;
Look round, and see your classic tomes perplex'd,
With darkening comments, and corrupted text!

The long protracted controversies about metrical regulations, &c. &c. &c. are carried to a laughable extent. You will often find four or five long columns in small print, which compose a note for one poor little word! When the reader has waded through this cumbrous heap of flighty suggestions, he comes, probably, to some such important conclusion as this:—viz. that, Whereas it is the opinion of a former editor, that a certain stroke denoting an accent, should point to the left, it is the opinion of the present editor, that it should point to the right! Vossius' barber used to comb his head in Iambics ;—it is a pity the Oxford barbers do not emulate him with some of the Collegians.

And thou, dear Valpy, whose Delphinic trade,
Through Bloomfield's [1] critic crash, began to fade,—
No more such variorum'd lumber vamp,
But, sated with thy present gains, decamp;
Let Priestley's [2] pickled notes awhile succeed,
And gain, as thine did,—surreptitious meed.

Shall none be praised,—no all-presiding mind
Illum'd by Heaven, to better human kind?—
Let powerful Turner's philosophic page [3]
Still teach his country, and this letter'd age;

[1] Bloomfield wrote against the Delphin Classics, to which Valpy replied, under the signature of "Aristarchus."

[2] Strictly speaking, the crime of filling thick classical octavoes with wearisome notes, ought not to be attributed to Priestly; he is the publisher, through whose industrious ardour they are introduced to the world.

[3] I am aware that to praise such characters as are here mentioned, is somewhat superfluous: however, it is very agreeable to avert occasionally from the list of literary sinners, to men of an exalted character.

And prigs, and dunces, rank from Greece or Rome,
To leave their ancients, and observe at home:
Unequalled Irving, with pathetic art,
Still, chaste describer, melt the British heart;
And Scott, thy fame undying as thy soul,
Blest is the feeling struck by thy control!

Look where we please, there is a sad decline,[1]
From human, to realities divine;
Religion, morals,—all but vice, decay,
And Fashion leads, while Folly blinds the day.
No more the Thespian art's improving power,
Lights up the mind, and lures a vacant hour;

[1] When we refer to the pages of the old dramatists, we are at once struck with the vast difference between forced artificial flippancy, and sterling genius. In these we find no worn out common place,—no straining at camels—no everlasting itch for puns and clap-traps. As to the alleged indecency to be found here, let it be remembered that a century and a half back, morality, in words, was not so refined as it now is. In my opinion, the *double intendres* and obscene *inuendos* so abounding in the modern dramatic hodge-podges, are far more detrimental to moral purity, than the partial coarseness occasionally intruding itself, in the old plays.

Nor forceful talent sway with Passion's rod,
Where Kemble[1] spoke, and Shakspeare's heroes trod!
Ere patch-work dramas, and their tawdry train,
Prologued the mumm'ries of an impure reign,—
Our stage was evening bliss, where Britons sought
The flash of Genius and the fire of thought,—
Where guilt was imag'd to the musing eye,
And dread example drew the gentle sigh,
Till worth triumphant breath'd its hallowed prayer,
And Virtue smiled to see her semblance there!

While fumbling dramatists employ their pen,
Sublimely careless of the *where* and *when*,
Let Britain blush for her degraded stage,—
The scenic fripp'ries of a bloated age:
A flag far-streaming, with coruscant sheen,
The rose-wreath'd trees to dance along the scene,—

[1] "Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread."
BYRON.

A pensive fountain lolling on a rock,
A squirt of lightning, and a copper shock;—
The clash of pewter, and the raw recruit,
Whose gilded scabbard dangles to his foot;
And then, the lean procession's limping throng,
Like white-wash'd puppets, wheeling slow along;—
All these,—with clouds to fatten up the sky,
And mid-day moons to ope the sawney's eye,—
Drawl out the ling'ring life of plays purvey'd,
And hash'd-up melodrams to serve the trade!

But most, the clap-trap's heart-convulsive cant,
Conducive "damns," and well-timed mouthing rant;
With smutty meanings, wrapt in puns and grins,
The hand's wide sweep, the shoulder-work, and shins—
Prelude the music of a gall'ry squall,—
Well-earn'd applause for Beazely, Pool or Ball!

The Comic vein has ceased its merry flow,
And Satire aims no more th' instructive blow;

Though faithful guardians of the MORAL spell,
Forbid a Shakspeare for a Marmontel![1]—
Look back on proud Eliza's peerless reign,
And will not our dramatic contrast pain?
Then playful Congreve kindled humour's fire,
And Beaumont sparkled in the wit's attire;
While Massinger, with eloquential charm,
And Forde pathetic, forced the sweet alarm;—
But, these are exiled for a sullied verse,
Indecent niceness proves their genius coarse!—
Yes!—"HALLERS" mourning for a kindred whore,
Hook their nice noses at the taste of yore!—
When false decorum takes a hoaxing trip,
And flies the heart, to shelter in the lip.

Awake thee, Kemble,[2] from thy sluggish trance,
And drive dramatic flumm'ry to France;

[1] The same delicate age that has deemed it necessary to purge Shakspeare, has introduced the tales of Marmontel for childrens' perusal!

[2] In common with my fellow countrymen, I admire the high

No more, let poachers of exotic trash,
For Farce and trick, monopolize thy cash;
Shall fustian flourish, where thy brother paced,
And Shakspeare's boards, by mummers be disgraced!
Shall piping Roscius [1] represent his king,
And tragic bull dogs bay the crowded ring!
Though emptied buckets mimic Ocean's fall,
And sooty jugglers whirl the brazen ball,—
While ragged scenes, refresh'd with horn and drum,
Secure the shillings of the London scum,—

talents of Mr. Charles Kemble, as a performer. But is it not to be regretted, that this gentleman, as a manager, can permit his patronage to be exhausted by a set of untalented parasites, who furbish their miserable monotonies into scenes, concoct some stale jokes, and then, by the aid of a frothing, half-witty dialogue and the scene-painter's daubs, produce what is called "a new play." It is too true to be contradicted—that without an immense deal of interest, with the whole Thespian Conspiracy, a new play, however talented, cannot be brought forward. It is owing to this disgraceful conduct in stage management, that we have so many paltry dramatists, and so few writers of genius.

[1] Master Roscius Grossmith; to whom Mr. Charles Kemble was pleased, some time since, to extend his most gracious patronage.

These mean buffoon'ries blot thy Thespian name,
And barter genius for a worthless fame;
O, yet revive the Drama's purer part,
And scout each mess of pantomimic art;
Let no dull toaders wheedle off thy pay,
While baffled talent shrinks unseen away;[1]—
Not cawing Kenny's everlasting quill,
Or plund'ring Pocock's, more eternal still.

Our manufactur'd plays,—peruse, who list!
The worst abortions audience ever hissed;
From Egan's hundred heaps of dross obscene,
To all the trump'ry plaster'd up by Green.

[1] Many a slighted man of genius may now sympathize with poor Ben Johnson in his "Ode to Himself."

"Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age,
Where pride and impudence, (in fashion knit)
Usurp the chair of wit,
Inditing and arranging every day
Something they call a play;
Let them fastidious, vaine,
Commissive of their braine;
Run on, and rage, sweat censures and condemn,
They were not made for thee,—less thou for them!

Peep forth! thou son of genius, prying Pool,[1]
Unrivalled filcher from the witless school;
Though kicked behind, prolific as before,
To gull each season with thy smutty store;
While driv'ling colloquies, and borrowed jokes,
A baseless plot, and vulgar equivoques,—
While hems, and funny squints, and calf-like nods
Delight the doltish, and transport the "gods,"—
Our stage shall hail thee her amusive scribe,
And critic boobies puff thee for a bribe.

Enchanting master of the wry grimace,
How well thy pieces suit an ugly face!
O'er all the kingdom mark thy glories fly,
See, shops and buggies bear immortal "Pry"!—

[1] Mr. Pool's Paul Pry must have exceeded his wildest hopes by its eminent success. Without doubt, this must be attributed to the droll phiz of Mr. Liston; for the Comedy itself, does not rise above the grin-supported trash of the day.

His nose cocked up with pertinacious pride,
And bagged in breeches, clinging round his side,—
The goggling puppet served for Liston's use,
And limped, like Poole, from Elliston let loose,— [1]
It met no frown—no truth-awakening sneer,
For "Pry" incessant ding'd the nation's ear!

Alas! for Waverly's discover'd bays, [2]
When Pocock minces novels into plays!
With dull contrivance, murd'ring sense and plot,
To stew a melodrame from Walter Scott;

[1] The allusion to the unfortunate Vauxhall game of football that took place between Messrs. Elliston and Poole, will not be considered inappropriate by all who have seen the symmetrical curve of Paul Pry's back;—and who has not, in some shape?

[2] It must be any thing but gratifying to Sir Walter Scott, when Pocock so be-devils his beautiful novels into spurious dramatical representations. The truth is, the present play-scribblers that bray round the two Patent Houses, have only one object in view—money-catching:—it little affects them, how the public is gulled, provided their mummeries can have a week's run, and they retire with the remuneration!

Or, operatic mess of tinsel caps, and coats,
To live on Sapio's, or on Stephens' notes:—
Though Horne, nor clumsy Serle, could save his "Peake,"
An unwept death, to close its gaudy week!

Of equal fame, melodious Plànchè's [1] quill,
Purloins his hum-drum to swell out the bill;
And, hir'd by managers for French bombast,
He cribs each play, more owlish than the last.

Kind friend to Laureate Southey's epic fame,
Prolific Ball,—in nonsense, half as tame,—
Dramatic patron to rejected verse,
Try thou some wonder from "Kehama's Curse;"

[1] To save the trouble of separate notes, let me observe at once, that Plànchè, Soane, Mac Farren, Beazely, Peake, Pocock, Milner, Moncrief, and a half thousand more "ejusdem generis" compose the Thespian crew of play-furbishers for the various houses. Ball has dramatised some of Southey's sleepy epics, and written the "Three Hunchbacks," and unnumbered similar monstrosities.

n, borne on "Hunchbacks," bid the stage adieu,
l with thee take thy whole be-devil'd crew.

e, all the tribe by Beazely [1] was outdone,
o made, for novelty, a MIDNIGHT SUN!
purblind cocknies liked this wond'rous spell,
plenteous plaudits greeted Avenel :—
would that Satire's lash, "at one fell swoop,"
ht level all this play-supplying troop,
n should the fanes of Thespis cease to groan,
h dross from Farren, or with trash from Soane.

ong have melo-drame, and pilfer'd farce,
le taste corrupted, and true genius scarce,
t classic models win no patron's eye,
l outlawd tragedies forgotten lie;

[1] Mr. Beazely, being anxious to out-do all his competitors in reality, very ingeniously contrived to introduce a midnight sun "Spirit of Avenel," which most of the cocknies exceedingly ed.

To win the president of Drury's fane,
Could any but his bloated hirelings deign?— [1]
Compound some proverbs of obscurest growth,
The mouldy remnants of the dust and moth;
Add quantums due, of powder, flash, and smoke,
The scenic whistle, and the poinard's stroke,—
With all appliances of fort and gun,
Dish up five acts—the tragedy is done!

[1] There is nothing, perhaps, more easy than to write properly for the English theatre. I am amazed, that none are apprenticed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning; when versed in all the mystery of scene-shifting and trap-doors; when skilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire walker or a waterfall; *when instructed in every actor's peculiar talent*, and capable of adopting his speeches to his supposed excellence;—when thus instructed, knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure.—GOLDSMITH.

If Goldsmith were alive now, he would not be amazed that "none are apprenticed to the trade." As to trash being all that is capable of giving a modern audience pleasure,—this, I presume, is a little disputable. We must consider the managers, the origin of our dramatic degradation; they permit their stupid hirelings to foist their plays on the public: and thus the public taste becomes more corrupted each season.—PROH PUDOR!

Six times, shall thund'ring sticks and hired huzzas,
Force the vile stuff, and wake the slow applause.

Ye managerial knaves, whose nod decides,
Whose pocket judges, and whose whim provides;
Before whose glance the manuscript must shake,
And shirtless authors feel a fellow quake,—
While throned on high, by British boobies paid,
Let no mean tricks reveal the trust betrayed,—
Though patronage e'er be a blind-struck dupe,
And sotted thousands to your verdict stoop!—
Renounce all greedy arts, that end in shame,
Refine the Drama, and its force reclaim;
No more, let thick-brained poachers, dull and crude,
Their scribbled bantlings on the stage protrude;
Or ape Mazurier climb the box, from France,—
Or Ducrow's stud on scenic stables prance;
Nor bribe your bawling mouths to aid a cheat,
And fill with riff-raff ev'ry vacant seat;—

Dramatic dignity and wit restore,
Till Genius reign, and Mumm'ry be no more!

Why should the pertly vulgar cry with scorn,
"Thank heaven, I'm not a paltry player born!"
Why should the sleek-mouth'd saint appoint his doom,
And moral prophets damn him round the room?[1]

[1] According to the sectarians, every actor must of necessity be damned; and every spectator, in all probability, is to partake of his damnation! The pharasaic hypocrisy of such canters, is disgustingly irreligious. Their religion, truly, is far from complex; it is divided into two duties,—to damn every body else, and to bless themselves. Such charitable creatures will find no difficulty in subscribing to many of Tertullian's anathemas against the poor players: in one part of his Works, (De Spectaculis,) he remarks, "sic Tragædos Diabolus cothurnis extulit, quia nemo potest adjicere cubitum ad staturam suam. Mendacem facere vult Christum; "The devil mounts the actors on their buskins, in order to make Christ a liar; who has said, that no man can add one cubit to his stature!!" This is something like Rowland Hill, who frequently cries out, "This is God's house; yonder, [alluding to the Surrey Theatre,] is the Devil's house!"

There MAY be virtue in an actor's heart, [1]
Beyond the reach of pharasaic art;—
He often does, what "saints dare seldom do,"
Display the bad, and keep the good from view.

Not unremember'd now, shall genius bide,—
Arouse thee, Kean! [2] be still the drama's pride,

[1] There is no reason why the profession of a performer should not be of the greatest respectability; properly speaking, it requires a gentleman to be one. John Kemble, did more, perhaps, than any of his order, to advance not only the dignity of the stage, but that of its professors. Would that many others in the present day, would condescend to imitate him!

[2] Far be it from me, to attempt the slightest palliation of Kean's conduct in private life. As a man of genius, I honour him: and, whatever may be his moral character, the country at least looked remarkably silly in driving their best tragedian away, while a wanton female received the most fulsome applause. And what must Kean himself think of our national morality, when after a lapse of a few months, the man that was so violently hooted from his country, was received with greater applause than ever? Was not his

From nature fresh, with spirit in each vein,
To thrill with pleasure, or delight with pain;—
Though modest England drove thee from her shore,
While favour'd strumpets footed on thy floor:
Next princely Kemble, Young, with heart-deep voice,
And proud Macready first of classic choice,—
Three mighty masters, still supremely great,
Long grace the boards,—our stage-triumvirate!

'Tis not their art, but its professors, soil,
By low debauch, the triumphs of their toil;
Transplanting parts with all an actor's rage,
To play their whoredoms on a worldly stage!
Here, turned Lotharian pests, in midnight crews,
They strut the bright aristocrats of stews;
Or, more select, some buskined heroes burn
For peeresses, and city wives, by turn:—

crime the same when he returned as when he went? However, the cocknies shewed themselves religious by—"forgiving as they would hope to be forgiven."

One plucks a darling from the LOWER row,
Whence plumes and *billet-doux* procure a beau;[1]
And frowsy beldames eye their fav'rite face,
Till boundless bribes hush up a foul disgrace!

No Moorish taste voluptuous, hath divined[2]
More harem bliss than waits the scenes behind,

[1] Immoral as the actors may be, "there are as mad abandoned" spectators too. A respectable tragedian, with a handsome figure and fine talking eyes, is sure to be besieged by billet-doux, plumes, pocket handkerchiefs, &c. &c. from admiring ladies; aye, and these very often of the first rank! It is well known in the city famed for ugly women, that a Bath tragedian, (now on the London boards,) so bewitched an ardent dame of title in the lower boxes, that she was pleased to desire his presence at her apartments the next day. But, alas! "sape decipimur SPECIE recti;" the broad glare of delight considerably diminished the gentleman's charms;—the lady felt disappointed—smiled—and burdened his hand with a few sovereigns—and then "all was still!"—

"Nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil
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* * * * * *
Intolerabilius nihil est, quam femina dives!"—
JUV. VI.

[2] There are those, I am convinced, who may consider a FEW

Where waddling dotards, unresisted, get
Sweet virgin flow'rs to grace their coronet,—
And glimm'ring belles, ere all their bloom is past,
Roll the wild gaze, and yield the ghost at last!

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That vouch for all the eye hereafter sees;

lines scattered through this poem, too strongly expressed. But how, in the name of all the satirists before me, is detestable licentiousness to be lashed, if not with delineative epithets and expressions? "Don't mention it at all," replies Mr. Purity,—"modern ears will be disgusted." I wish, from my heart, there was no necessity, Mr. Purity; but really, sorry as I should be, to profane the delicate sanctity of any reader's ear, like your's, Mr. Purity,—I should be still more sorry to gloss over patronized vice, with soft, unexpressive allusions. There is (with all possible deference to those of a contrary opinion) an immense difference between strong language, introduced out of mere wantonness, and that which is used for the sake of severe censure:—the same, as Hume observes, there is "between a naked Indian, and a common prostitute."—*See Preface to this Poem.*

These, blazon'd well, with scientific sighs,
Attract the noble, and lead off the prize;—
Though, now and then an Amazonian belle,[1]
Flogs back the victim of her beauty's spell.

Who blames the actor, when rich harlots pay,
Or beastly Colonels bribe the maid away?
Let the rank country fester in its shame,
When PROV'D IMPURES PARTAKE THE HIGHEST FAME,[2]
And mothers, steeled against parental fears,
Unblushing, feast the prostitutes of peers!
Thus, still ye, Cyprians,—still be splendid whores,
And stalk our stage, amid triumphant roars!—

[1] The lady's piece of horsemanship, performed on the back of her high-descended suitor, was indeed a rare instance of Thespian purity. Would it not be as well for many other similarly situated ladies to imitate her conduct?

[2] "Sunt quas eunuchi imbelles ac mollia semper
Osculæ delectent, et desperatio barbæ;"—
JUV. VI. 366.

Now to the Opera turn, where ballets please,
And foppish Fashion fumes away at ease;
There, what fine ear can list the lewd-breath'd sounds,
What decent eye survey the wanton bounds,
The passion-swelling breast, denuded— * *
And gauzy robe to fix the straining eyes,—
Each warm lascivious twirl of panting lust,
Nor feel the burning fever of disgust? [1]
Bedaub'd with paint, here jewell'd herds compose,
Their pustul'd persons in the steamy rows;
Pile luscious fancies on transparent limbs,
Move with each form, and languish as it swims;

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[1] "Quæ nunc DIVITIBUS gens acceptissima NOSTRIS,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri,
Nec *pudor* obstabit. Non possum fere, Quirites,
Græcam urbem:" .....
Juv. III.

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Patrons of vice, from dunghill or from court,
In mercy, cease such Operatic sport!
Caress no Boschas in your costly home,
No whisker'd knave, no eunuch scamp'd from Rome;
O! let the lavish'd millions feed the poor,
The wan-eyed paupers fainting at your door,— [1]
With pity mark, what home-bred mis'ries stare,
Let Britons born, an unask'd bounty share,—
Then sickness, want, and woe, would bless the gift,
And orphan babes, their tear-moist hands uplift.

What line shall Fashion paint?—that creed of fools
Whose flighty doctrine, half the empire rules:—

[1] "Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
Hausit Aventinum baca nutrita Sabina?"
Juv. III.

Queen of the rich,—Minerva of the vain,
Begot by Folly,—cleav'd from Falsehood's brain?
'Tis Fashion dies the beldame's blister'd cheek,
Lives in her errant gaze, and kitten squeak;
'Tis Fashion rolls the lech'ry of the eye,
Breathes in the tone, and wantons in the sigh,—
Deals with the gambler, pilfers with the rogue,
And gives to wealth, a NEW-MADE DECALOGUE!

Shall satire dread the judgment of a frown,
When monsters brave, and villains lead the town!—
When foreign strumpets dare the public gaze,
And English mothers think they grace our plays!
The times are come, when arts Parisian please,
And Britons, to be Englishmen must cease:
To Gallic shores our demi-reps resort,—
Return again—and all their filth import;
Then like French apes, these scented mongrels talk,
Feast like the French, and like the Frenchmen walk.

And can it be, that Albion's deemed no more
A fairer, nobler clime, than Gallia's shore?—
Must England stoop to be the mime of France,
Beget her toaders, and adopt her dance?
For novel crimes, NEED English spendthrifts roam
And kindly teach them to us boors at home?

What morals [1] mark that blood-presuming rank,
Where cultured villains emulate each prank!—
Who best can guzzle down the nineteenth glass,
Denounce a wittal, and select a lass;
Genteely damn, or sprawl a low lampoon.
And pipe the bawdry of a stable tune;
Or, growl in cock-pits, [2] shuffle at the "Hell,"
Supply a harem, and proclaim it well!

[1] For ample illustrations, *vide* those highly patronised Memoirs of an illustrious Cyprian.

[2] "Sure I am of noble kind, for I find myself possessed of all their qualities; love dogs, dice, and drabs,—scorn wit in stuff

E'en WOMEN patronize the vice in vogue,
And hail the triumphs of a rakish rogue;
Or pat his cheek, in love-resenting play,
While oglings ask, what lips would blush to say.

A mother's love,—resistless speaks that claim,
When first the cherub lisps her gentle name!
And looking up, it moves its little tongue,
In passive dalliance to her bosom clung;—
'Tis sweet to view the sinless baby rest,
To drink its life-spring from her nursing breast;
And mark the smiling mother's mantling eyes,
While hush'd beneath, the helpless infant lies;—
How fondly pure that unobtruding pray'r,
Breathed gently o'er the listless sleeper there!
'Tis nature this!—the forest beast can hug,
And cubs are nestled 'neath its milky dug;

clothes, have beat my shoemaker, cuckolded my apothecary, and undone my tailor."—MARSTON.

But FASHION petrifies the HUMAN heart,
Scar'd at her nod, see ev'ry love depart!

In Rome's majestic days,[1] long fleeted by,
Did not HER mighty dames sing lullaby?—
No mean-bred hags then nurs'd the guiltless child,
No kitchen slang its innocence despoiled;
'Twas deem'd a glory, that the babe should rest
In slumb'ring beauty, on the MOTHER'S breast;—
But ENGLAND'S mighty dame is too GENTEEL,
To nurse, and guard, and like the mother feel!

[1] The classical reader will not be offended with the following beautiful quotation, from Tacitus' Dialogue on the Causes of Corrupt Eloquence. Speaking of the manner in which infants were formerly nursed and educated, he says,—"Jam primum, suus cuique filius, ex casta parente natus, non in CELLA EMTÆ NUTRICIS, SED GREMIO AC SINU MATRIS, EDUCABATUR; CUJUS PRÆCIPUA LAUS ERAT TUERI DOMUM ET INSERVIRE LIBERIS * * * *
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At nunc natus infans delegatur Græculæ alicui ancillæ, cui adjungitur unus aut alter, ex omnibus servis, plerumque vilissimus, nec cuiquam serio ministerio accommodatus."

Fond bands of love,—how seldom can they bind,
When sordid wishes rankle in the mind!
The fret of av'rice soon distempers all,
Till peevish languor bursts the sullen thrall:
Not so, when Love, the child of Fondness born,
Breathes on, to its own parent faithful sworn;
Weaving for wedded hearts a mystic chain,
That feel the sorrow, and partake the pain;
Each true to each, as echo to the sound,—
One changeless two, through life's precarious round:
Oh, happy pair! thus link'd for smiles and tears,
Whom absence binds, and grief but more endears;
'Tis your's, one common hope and fear to know,
Through the long pilgrimage of joy and woe.

Miss Prostitution, hail! now buck and rake,[1]
From female marts such ready fair may take,

[1] "Cash rules the grove, and fells it too, besides;
Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were none;
Without cash, Malthus tells you—'take no brides:'
So Cash rules Love, the ruler, on his own
High ground, as Cynthia sways the tides."—Byron.

As mothers bred up from a ripe eighteen,
To pant for wooers, and their husbands glean;
Or chant love-lies, and curtsey with a grace,
While lust meanders through each bloodless face;—
Then, like their dams, arrayed in patch and plume,
To blaze the leading strumpets of the room!

Train'd by some venal, match-contriving jade, [1]
In palsied arms what lovely maidens fade!

[1] "O God, how loathsome this toying is to me."

Of all the nauseous features of modern times, the venality of mothers in disposing of their daughters, is, perhaps, the most unnatural. Wherever this venalism exists, to the exclusion of every other amiable consideration, it is certainly truly disgraceful:—but how shall we deprecate?—what language employ—when a crafty remnant of three-score, seeks to support the remainder of her depraved life by sacrificing a blooming young creature of twenty, to a dotard of sixty! And yet, reader, you must be aware, that this is no "*rara avis.*" Go to the balls, the parties; go to Almacks, (if you may;) go to all the haunts for well-dressed impudence; and you will realize a view of what is here mentioned. Horace asks us, if we should not laugh at a painting that displayed a beautiful woman with a fish's tail: what, if we were———but!—I really cannot proceed any further for modesty's sake; that is, for the reader's.

Like flowers transplanted to a sandy heath,
Where vapours wither, and pollutions breathe:
Great heaven!—and must youth's summer fleet away,
In cheerless union with the bald and grey?
Must blooming forms, and stainless bosoms press,
Where passion mocks, and nature cannot bless!
What eye can such a loathsome scene behold,
Nor curse the rottenness preserv'd in gold?

To marry wealth,[1] what anguish will be borne?
A crooked log by night—a child by morn!

[1] "The world descends unto such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still, I perceive—still fool,
Would I be poor, dejected, scorned of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others' daughters
Spring with the dew o' the court, having mine own
So much desired and loved—by the duke's son?
No, *I would raise my state upon her breast;*
And call her eyes my tenants: I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure."—

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

His parchment sealed?—the wife attends each whim,
Starts at his groan, and chafes the flannell'd limb;
Hangs round his knee, and whimpers at his wrath,
Secures his tucker, and spoons out his broth;
A vigil, down to periwig and cap,
She prays for death,—and sees it in his nap!

O Love!—exhaustless theme for print and pen,[1]
Thou dream of women, and thou joke of men,
We will not curse thee for thy cruel crimes,
In distant regions, or in darker times,—
But turn to BRITAIN, blessed with blooming arts,
And hear HER tearful tales of stricken hearts;
Of beauty, blemish'd by seduction's stain,
Of with'ring sorrow, and unpitied pain:
Where mailed in rank, seducers boast the deed,
While female lechers smile applausive meed,

[1] I hope L. E. L. will pardon me for poaching on her ground—"Necessitas non habet legem."

And ticklish flirts a pretty pardon grant,
Or fusty dow'gers on the tale descant! [1]

O, I have seen, the young and trusting maid,
By love beguil'd—enraptured—and betrayed,
Fade day by day, in unregarded gloom,
And greet the shelter of an early tomb:
To virtue lost,—her sex's chilling frown,
Forbad the smile, and awed her spirit down;
Abandoned thus, oh, where could hope appear?
None felt her throb—none wiped the mourner's tear!

[1] "Dat veniam corois, vexat censura columbas."

No one will deny the application of the quotation to the present subject. It certainly is rather unaccountable, that there should be so GREAT a distinction made between the crime of an immorality in the woman and the man: and still more surprising, that the female judges should generally visit the whole of their contempt on the seduced, while they pardon, or half approve, the guiltiness of the seducer. This feature in modern morality, appears to me, nothing else but a compound of hypocrisy and injustice.

When blushing Love first breathes its virgin sigh,
And fond devotion glitters in the eye;
How soon it steals an unsuspecting mind,
That melts away, like perfume on the wind!
Not half so fondly does the bud repose,
Its drooping beauty on the parent rose;
Not half so tenderly the dew-lit gem
At morning, hang upon the languid stem,—
As woman's maiden love,—when true and warm,
Rests on the plighted vow, and lover's charm:
How base the bosom then, with treach'ry fraught,
For her who claims the homage of each thought!

England, full rare thy decent matrons now,
Though Time has delved his wrinkles on the brow!
Shame on't!—to see thine unrepenting jades,
The female blacklegs,—filch like "Hell"-taught blades,
When fourscore years have bronz'd their mummied face,
And ev'ry furrow is a theme's disgrace:—

Mark! at their table, how the beldames sigh,
Turn their brown neck, and blink the sunken eye;
Anon, their wither'd carcase heave and puff,—
With pustuled cheeks, and lips befouled with snuff;
Squat round the pack, they gamble and they grin,
Rub their lean hands, and sweat their brows to win![1]

In wint'ry age, how sadly drear the lot
Of Fashion's hack, by Fashion's host forgot!—
Bowed down by crippled age, impurely grey,
To mental throes, and peevish qualms a prey:

[1] Gaming, even with the male sex, is vicious and unnatural, but how much more so, with the female? The fashion for female gambling is daily increasing; in fact, *what vice* is retrograding? The *Guardian* makes an admirable remark on gambling women, "Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play season returns; when, for half-a-dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper!"

Dimm'd now the youthful gleams of love-lit eyes,
And cold the filmy lid that o'er them lies;
O, where are they that throng'd her matin court,
Plann'd out the day's intrigue, and shared its sport,—
Who praised her plumes, her love-attracting gait,
And ball-room glance, that bade the proudest wait?
Alas! the parasites of youth have fled,
Some mope like her, some fill their wormy bed. [1]

How rank has lost by condescending crimes,
That birth-right influence felt in purer times,

[1] They are young, but know not youth—it is anticipated;
Handsome, but wasted, rich without a son;
* * * * * * * * * * *,
* * * * * * * * * *;
"Where is the world?" cries Young at eighty. Where
"The world in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of eighty years past?—*'Twas there*—
I look for it—'tis gone—a globe of glass!
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on, ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies—all are gone, on the wind's wings.

BYRON.

When titled greatness won respectful awe,
And lowly ranks a worthy peerage saw;
While lineal honours bloomed without disgrace,
And every heir begat a better race;—
Now, rank bequeath'd to high-begotten shame,
But hands the mirror to degen'rate fame.

Review thy thickening peerage, Albion, now,
And rare the peer, that lifts an honoured brow!
Where spring such crimes of undecaying growth,
Such innate vileness, and voluptuous sloth?—
The bestial panders of Domitian's reign,
Now mark, thy mindless,—bloated,—titled train![1]

[1] De quocunque voles proavum tibi sumite libro;
QUOD SI PRÆCIPITEM RAPIT AMBITIO ATQUE LIBIDO;
Si frangis virgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
Delectant hebetes, lasso lictore secures;
INCIPIT IPSORUM CONTRA TE STARE PARENTUM
NOBILITAS, CLARAMQUE FACEM PRÆFERRE PUDENDIS.
Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.
JUV. VIII.

St. Giles and Billingsgate are horrid holes,
And Newgate shelters some atrocious souls;
But scour out England's most polluted spots,
Convene her bullies, and select her sots,—
And let presiding Truth, unmoved, declare,
Will not our PEERAGE match the vilest there?—
Peers of the realm—the autocrats that shine,
With lineage reckon'd up to Cæsar's line!

But still, though vile,—the peerage read some books,
To smooth their manners and refine their looks;
Soft Little's verse—or any am'rous chime,
To tickle fancy, and toy off the time:
While now and then, to train both fop and peer,
And furnish scandal to enlive the year,
Select confessions of EXEMPLIVE cast,
From first-rate hacks, whose hour of glory's past;
Come forth, and meet a most abundant sale,—
For what so pleasing as a harlot's tale?

Contrast the hour of Fashion's brief delight,
With that, of fearful Death's unhallow'd night;
When life and time are ebbing to their close,
And martyr'd pleasure dreads the tomb's repose:—
Alone and fever'd, on his sleepless bed,
Yon dying libertine supports his head;
There is an awe—a silence in the gloom,
As if the fiend were cow'ring o'er the room:
A faintly-glimm'ring taper flickers there,
Tinting his livid cheek with hectic glare;
While throbs of guilt are quivering thro' each limb:—
Thus Folly consummates her reign in him!

Days were, when beauty, love, saloon and ball,
Found him the gayest, wildest, rake of all;
Unmanly wreck! all blanch'd and blighted now,
With hollow cheek, and anguish-moisten'd brow,
Oft turns he round, to feel his throbbing brain,
Grind his dark teeth, and root his locks for pain;—

Then tears the garment from his heated breast,
And lifts in vain, his pale-clench'd hands, for rest;
No tears of sad remorse bedew his face,
But penitential woe is in each trace;
Those burning lips that breathe a dismal sigh,
The phrenzies flashing from his fretful eye,
That wild convulsion through each feature spread,—
All speak of pangful guilt, and hopeless dread!

And thou, Religion, heaven-descended maid,
What crews molest thee, and thy shrine invade?
Where all thy pristine grace unsoiled with art,—
The offer'd incense of a glowing heart?
On most, how toilsome steals the Sabbath day,
How few can worship, though their FINGERS pray!
Sabbatic rites are deemed but prudish ties,
While penitence contents itself with sighs.
A lolling bliss where scented loungers meet,
And lip-wide grins all round the velvet seat;

The fretful mumbling of an unfelt prayer,
Or snoozing godsend in a padded chair,—
These, with the practice of the Sunday moan,
Are FASHION's [1] off'rings at Jehovah's throne!

Fresh Christian locusts, whose unfetter'd cant, [2]
Provides the fuel for deistic rant,—

[1] There must be of course, with all well-bred people, a fashion in every thing, and every place:—their daughters and their sideboards—their shoes and their servants—their snuff-boxes and their Prayer books—their parsons and their church, must be distinguished by something "FASHIONABLE." It is chiefly to the influence of *a mania* for "fashion," that we must attribute that laxity of principle in religious matters among the "gentles" of the land. They—I must desist, or shall be canting.

[2] Since religion is now reduced to a matter of mere opinion, as a thing of course, or not of course; as a political, not a divine obligation, it is deemed the part of a bigot to ridicule any sect that differs from his own. And yet, I presume, there are certain matters which depend on no particular sect for decision; matters which appeal to the common sense of mankind. For instance, will any man, *living in this country of refinement and general intelligence*, be unchristian-like in laughing at the debasing forgeries and crazy tales, which

Arise each day,—besotted, wild, or mad,
To craze the holy, and augment the bad;
WHO TRACE THE GODHEAD IN EACH TRICK OF LIFE,
AND HEAR HIS THUNDERS ROLLING FOR THEIR STRIFE!
First, see the addle-headed Ranters, try
To wake St. Peter, with a hideous cry;
Sublime THEIR doctrines, when unloosen'd jaws
Are baying heaven, like congregate Macaws!—
While, sprightlier still, the jolly Jumper squalls;
For God inspires high-leaping Bacchanals!!—
What more! Yes;—here they creep with psalm and song,
The dipping Baptist, and Moravian throng.

the Ranters, &c. occasionally circulate? Is he to believe, that the holy, invisible, uncreated Director of the Universe, strikes men dead for laughing at a deranged preacher, and similar petty variations in conduct? Is he to believe, that the Almighty would roll his thunder because a Methodist parson came half-an-hour too late for the performance of his duty? My firm belief is, that some of these sectarians assist the advances of infidelity, by presuming to debase the Deity to the puny cavils of puny men; and with impudent resignation, consigning some hundreds to hell every Sunday morning.

Last, Huntingdon's cold, pharasaic herd,
Self-loving dolers of the grace and word,—
Pourtray the gospel in their sour grimace,
Or prove its pureness by a smutty face;
Election swells their puritanic breast,—
For THEM, salvation smiles the soul to rest:
Cant in each word, and "Bible" for each boast,
They paint "Old Nick"—as if they loved him MOST!

With lanky locks upon a sheepish head,
And visage stolen from the mould'ring dead,
While ghostly terrors bend the bile-ting'd brow,—
His black chin lolled in sleepy lump below,—
The methodistic preacher heads his clan,
A precious sample of ANGELIC man:
Perch'd in the pulpit, how he frowns beneath,
What heavenly phrenzies wet his clatt'ring teeth!
His chisell'd features, seem but granite stone,—
And snivel sanctifies each grunted moan;

The saintly curl upon his quiv'ring lip,
Whence awful threats in rich saliva drip,—
That pharasaic rankness in his sneer,
And donkey voice, betrayful of the seer,—
All prove him dropp'd from heaven, the world to save.
To picture Hell, and realise the grave!

How loathes the eye! to see the babbler preach,
And shoot his neck, to frighten and to teach;
To mark him spread about his clammy palms,
And sputter forth in cant, celestial qualms,
Now, wild-struck, turning to the chapel's roof,—
Now down to HADES for sublimer proof:
Great God!—and SHOULD Religion's awful aim,
Be thus unravell'd by the fool's acclaim,—
Or, hoaxing zealots, pluck'd from shop or cell,
Rant forth, like mountebanks, on "heaven and hell!"

Since venalism rules both head and heart,
The Church hath dwindled to Ambition's mart,

And av'rice soils that fane, supposed to be
The earthly temple of the Deity:
Some stick the righteous "Rev'rend" to their name,
To prop its meanness, and obtrude its fame:
While others, drawl an unpresuming strain,
While lawn and mitres dance about their brain:—
Who knows, when powder'd well, and stol'd in white,
If God, or livings form their best delight?
Next, see the Rectors, whose ancestral worth,
Secures a "good fat" living, at their birth;
From college ripe, they chaunt the hunter's song,
Drink, chase, and shoot the wood's wild "feather'd throng"
Let the lean Curate, in his white-wash'd room,
Gulp the small beer, and preach the sinner's doom,—
With foggy throat three sermons growl a day,
And, thankful, feast on sixty pounds for pay![1]

[1] As a BODY of men, there are none so highly respectable, so learned, and so virtuous, as the ministers of the Church of England: I look to our National Church Establishment, as the chief bulwark of our country's safety, in these days of infidelity, and blasphemous canters:—But my veneration for some good, is no reason why

What now is Irving,[1]—he who heav'd his tongue,
As if a world upon its ravings hung?
He gave a trinket to redeem the Jews,—
(Sure, such a Scotchman, Heav'n will not refuse!)
And nobly vow'd, his pious craft should make,
His best orations for the bauble's sake:
Wo! to Isaiah,—and his rostrum too,
Deserted now, but by the cockney few!—
There, let the vaunter pant, and puff, and sneer,
And rattle doctrines through the splitting ear.

I should not censure the needless evil connected with it. Therefore, the pious need not be offended with me, for censuring such as disgrace their hallowed office.

[1] I have ever considered Irving, notwithstanding his powers of eloquence, as a finished specimen of puritanic insolence, softened down by the pure principles he professes. The story of his watch, and conceit, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, must, of course, be in the recollection of every reader. His auditors are now, COMPARATIVELY, but a few:—

"A little sprinkling of hypocrisy,
Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners."

More honest, and less stern, wags merry Hill,
A grey-locked joker, in the pulpit still,
Whose John Bull sermons wake the chapel's grin,
When smiling Conscience owns her tickled sin:
How tender he, to Adam's recreant race,
When "putrid sores" depict our need for grace,—
While softly wiling off each hungry grief,
He carves the gospel into rounds of "beef!"
O Rowland, Rowland!—cease thy wink and nod,
Nor be a pulpit punch, to joke for God.[1]

[1] This will, I imagine, be deemed perfect profanity by some,—to speak lightly of Rowland Hill. They may say as they please, but the best of his congregation cannot respect the purity and the benevolence of his character, more than myself; and yet, withal, I cannot but consider his frequent and irreverent eccentricities, as detrimental to the cause of religion. Let it not be forgotten, that there are strangers who hear him each Sunday, as well as those who are acquainted with his manner:—with many of these, the poet's line is reversed:—

"And fools who came to PRAY, remained to SCOFF."

I could instance many examples to prove this, but *verbum sat, &c.*

Not preaching Bedlamites alone arise,
To force the gospel, and astound with cries,—
But rank revilers, headed by Carlile,
Blaspheming, pour their poison through the isle;
While foul-mouth'd Ign'rance spits her impious gibes,
And London swarms with Atheistic tribes!

Now for the apex of polluted souls,[1]
No shame subdues, no reverence controuls,

[1] Many will think that I have polluted my pages, by introducing the two creatures above;—and, in truth, with some justice: however, they do not figure in a very splendid way there. Talk of our country being bigoted!—why, if Englishmen had half the right spirit in them, they would drive such fellows as Carlile (how the name smells!) and Taylor (the REVEREND!!!) from the country. What man, with any decent feeling in him, can pass by Carlile's accursed window, nor feel disgusted at his wallowing beastliness and blasphemy?

As for Taylor, he confessed to his own brother, at Fulham, that he turned blasphemous, merely to gain *notoriety!* A pretty reverend this. We may apply Juvenal's line to each:—

"..... Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum."

Of course, the reader is aware that Taylor was driven from his College

Puff'd into pertness, pand'ring to the time,
Two pinnacles of blasphemy and crime;—
Come, godless, blushless—England's vilest pair,
Blots on her land, and pestful to the air,—
C—— and T——!—may each kindred name,
Be linked to one eternity of shame!

First, thou, the cap'ring coxcomb of the two,
With head upshooting from thy coat of blue,—
Say, what has "Reverend" to do with thee,
Though big and bloated with effrontery?
Wert Reverend, when round thee lolled a gang,
To drink the poison of thine impious slang;
And on Heav'n's book, thy cursed feet then trod,
To foam thy foulness at the throne of God?—
Wert Reverend, when from the pot-house turn'd,
And drunken fevers through thy bosom burn'd,—
Mean to the larc'ny of a paltry pot,
At once a rogue, an Atheist, and a sot!

Or, Reverend,—when to each Christian fane,
Thou lead'st the barking bull-dogs of thy train,
In mean and native brutishness of mind,
To growl thy dogmas, and pervert the blind?—
Go, caitiff!—put a mask upon that face,
The staring mirror of thy soul's disgrace,
Go, seek some dunghill to harangue thy breed,
And there enjoy the dark satannic creed:—
Though stiff in port, and stately with thy glass,
May good men frown, whene'er they see thee pass,
Till even infant tongues shall lisp thee, "vile,"
And Britons hoot thee from their tainted isle!

The base we've had, of ev'ry kind and hue,
The bloody, lech'rous, and unnat'ral too—
But never, yet, the wretch that equall'd thee,
Thou synonyme of all depravity;
Thy mind as canker'd as thy columns vile,—
Thou pois'nous, poor polluted thing,—C———!

For THEE, must heaven's empyreal portals close,
And Hope be buried in her dead repose!—
For thee must glorious aspirations cease,
Nor Faith, still vision, out her heav'n of peace,
And minds no longer dare to feel divine,
But turn distorted, fester'd, lewd as thine!—
If yet within thee dwell one thought of shame,
If the least true feeling for thy country's claim,
And common nature but preserve her right,—
Then tear thy hellish pictures from our sight;
If vile thou must be,—hie thee to some den,
To feast the fancies of thy fellow-men;
But stand not forth to Britain's public eye,
The monger-fiend of painted blasphemy;
Now go!—and quickly end thy course perverse,
Hung on the gibbet of a nation's curse!

Ascendant God, still let unslumb'ring love,
Gaze down from thine all-glorious throne above;

Expel illusion from each erring mind,
Thine be the judgment, ours the will resigned;
O, long from Britain keep that fearful hour,
When unrelenting crime shall curse thy power;—
When hearts shall cease to plead to be forgiv'n,
And banished Faith unveil no future heav'n!

Thou flower of cities, Earth's imperial mart,
Unequal'd London!—Britain's mighty heart;
That, like our blood-spring with reversive tide,
Receiving, pour'st to empires far and wide,—
To thee, the nations look, like Magi bowed
Before their fire-god, in his burning shroud:
There is a living spell around thee spread,
That wakes the shadows of thy peerless dead;—
Within thy walls, we tread enchanted ground,
By sages, poets, martyrs,—made renowned!
What heroes here, what kings have sprung to birth,
What martyr'd minds of unexhausted worth,—

What gifted ones of heaven's congenial sphere,
Have liv'd and struggl'd—starv'd and triumph'd here!
O, never can I press one stone of thine,
Nor think of feet that trod, where now tread mine,—
Of unforgotten greatness that hath been,
Of genius weeping, perhaps, where I am seen. [1]

While bagatelles in ev'ry distant clime,
Receive the sacrifice of prose and rhyme,
And gaping pilgrims leave their English home,
With wonder-searching eye for Greece and Rome;—
Must London share no patriot's glowing theme?—
Can none sing ancient Thamis' freighted stream;

[1] While almost every village and every snuff box is complimented by the offering of a poem, it really is rather singular that London has not been celebrated by some poet worthy of his subject. What humble lines I have penned are merely *en passant*. There are so many celebrated haunts—so many magnificent edifices—and such delightful associations, that there would be ample materials for a splendid poem. The remainder of this poem is more or less connected with London, its manners, morals, &c. &c.

Meand'ring far through sun-bright meads, and rifts;
'Neath beetling hills, and Henley's chalky clifts,
With grass-green banks, where cluster'd villas peep,
In sylvan beauty, from their laurel'd steep?—
Her piles of glory, and her pillar'd halls,
Her tow'ring mansions and historic walls?

While speeds the crowd, how oft I pause to view,
The fairy scene from thy Bridge, Waterloo!—
And rest my arms upon the massy stone,
Till spell-blind fancy dreams I stand alone;
Soft whisp'ring flows thy spread of infant waves,
While far along the dizzy sunshine laves,—
Dancing as light and mellow on the stream,
As Hope's first glimmer on a youthful dream!—
Fleet down the river skip the careless boats,
While o'er its bosom tremble flute-breath'd notes;
Or, light barks cluster near its heaving side,
Whose tangled oars are imaged in the tide;—

Upraise the glance,—majestic to the eyes,
Above the amber'd stream, the bridges rise;
While slumb'ring near, with unpartaking smile,
Behold the massive, many-windowed pile. [1]

For thoughts sublime, aloft the Abbey rears
Its towers, in all the majesty of years;
Unawed, no British patriots here can tread, [2]
The dim cold fane where sleep the mighty dead;—
But, while each dome and ancient fane conspire,
To rouse the poet, and attune his lyre;

[1] There is no man of any taste or fancy, that can pass over Waterloo Bridge amid the glittering light of a cloudless sun, without pausing to admire:—I know I never could; and therefore, reader, don't think my few tributary lines produced by an unfelt admiration of the scene.

[2] Need I refer to Washington Irving's Sketch where the associate grandeur of the Abbey is inimitably pictured by the pen of him who felt it?

Compel'd, we mark, where London scenes entice,
This queen of cities in the sink of vice!

To London—now so Babylonian grown,[1]
That half is scarce to genuine cocknies known;—
What errant mongrels of exotic breed,
What motly knaves from Ganges to the Tweed,—
Advent'rous tramp, with mother, brat, and spouse,
Quite scripless all, as to some pauper house?
From Ludgate Hill,—see myriads throng in view,—
Turk, Swiss, and Gaul, John Bull and howling Jew;
The world assembled from each far-off clime,
All passing swiftly to the goal of time;

[1] When we for awhile consider this mighty city in all its relations—the population it maintains—the talent it supports—and the vices it encourages, we no longer wonder at the wonderful historic accounts of Rome in her olden pride. London seems to have been no mean place so far back as Nero's time; for Tacitus represents it:—Cognomento quidem colonæ non insigne, sed copiæ negotiatorum et commeatum maxime celebre.

AN. LIB. XIV. 33.

Here, as the buzzing crowds collected meet,
Behold the living drama of the street ![1]—
The greasy trader paddling with his arms,
The rustic monarch furious for his farms,
The hawk-eyed bailiff, clerk, and jobber grey,
With currish boobies, fumbling for their way,[2]—
The flying porters, and the ballad throng,
That pick the pocket with a venal song,

[1] The ordinary scenes in London streets, are quite a comedy to an observing man. There is this great apparent difference between the street walkers of London, and those in unimportant towns;—the former are all engaged in the pursuit of an object; the latter, for the most part, are ready "to whistle for want of thought."

[2] In my perambulations, when I have casually met a few rustic gazers, seemingly as much frightened as children in the dark, that droll part of *Tristram Shandy* has occurred to my memory—"I would appoint able judges at every corner of my Metropolis, who should take cognizance of every fool's business who came there; and if upon a fair and candid hearing, it appeared not of weight sufficient to leave his own home, and come up to London, bag and baggage, and children and farmers' sons, &c. &c. at his backside, they should be all sent back from constable to constable, like vagrants, as they were, to the place of their legal settlements."

With all the melody of whips and wheels,
Of bellmen, pawing hoofs, and mud-splash'd heels;—
No melodrames, though hash'd by Pool or Peake,
Such mingled droll'ry, and true pathos speak!

Parade the streets!—what countless wonders rise,
Eternal changing to the changing eyes!
Fresh sights unrival'd by Niag'ra's Fall,—
Miverva pigs, and tigers from Bengal,
Brobdignag heroes,—Lilliputian dwarfs,
And breeches languishing near ladies' scarfs!
The lame in dog-cars—giants on their stilts,
And matrons fing'ring out the ruffled quilts!—
Here, Hunt turns shoe-black to his dear-lov'd land,
And poisonous Eady dirts the lazy hand;[1]

[1] Dr. (so he calls himself) Eady, with sundry other despicable quacks, pollute the streets by hiring minions to thrust into the stranger's hands their obscene mementos. What is this but teaching the young to run into vice by continually reminding them and forcing on

Here, round some pander's lust-purveying shop,
The peering urchins strain their necks, and stop,—
While coal-hole sermons, when the walls are bare,
With smug enticement catch the lounger's stare.

From vulgar scenes, sometimes a gilded change,
When paunchy shrieves enjoy their wat'ry range;
Now bells are cracked! and fat the turtle flames,—
For proudly sails the charlatan of Thames!
The sinking river sweats beneath its weight,
And bubbles anger at the capon'd freight;
While wond'ring ideots stare along the shore,
Sigh for the soup, or watch the dipping oar.

When decent nonsense lures the listless throng,
Small Waithman's speech, or blund'ring Beazeley's song
Repugnant Sense, disdainful of the town,
Collects her censure in a passing frown;

their notice, a ready cure? For shame,—nasty Eady!—you ought to be pounded for this in your own mortar, if you have one.

When tumbling Gilchrist[1] tortures men and girls,
To twist their bodies for gymnastic twirls,
All laugh, to think that morning sweets are left,
And wives, through humbug, of their mates bereft,—
But shall we smile, when filthy imports bless
A nation's eye with bony nakedness?—
How flocked the ton, and curious VIRGIN CLAN,
To view the skinless mirror of a man,

[1] Mr. Gilchrist—stop I believe he calls himself a doctor, too—Dr. Gilchrist—I beg pardon— is professor of Tumbling and Twisting at the Gymnastic Institutes. His regulations are quite Spartan-like; forcing husbands from their wives by five o'clock in the winter mornings! I suppose the doctor has no wife of his own, or he would learn better manners. *Apropos;* How is the Ladies' Tumbling Asylum getting on?—It must certainly be very amusing to observe the ladies at these active feats; there is an innocent simplicity in the thought of it. I hope there is a sort of MRS. DR. GILCHRIST to attend on the petticoat department! I wonder what females will learn next: if the men turn fools to support other fools, women are sure to follow them—out of sheer sympathy, no doubt. I wish (and so do many others) mammas would teach some of their fine-shaped little misses the way to mend stockings, and to decide on boiled potatoes.

Shipped off from Gaul—where skeletons abound—
To show its beastly zone on British ground!
Lascivious Gaul! in mercy send no more
Disgustful sweepings, from thy baleful shore;[1]
Keep all such filth, to please thine own foul race,
Mean without shame, and lewd without disgrace!

But while the rich, the vicious, and the vain,
Pursue their pleasure till it turn to pain,—
While Rank rolls on, and Pride upturns her eye,
What hapless, houseless, wretches wander by,—

[1] The Living Skeleton attracted more notice and patronage, than any disgusting show had done for a long time: it was so suitable to the *delicacy* of English taste! It is to be regretted, however, that France has so poor an opinion of us English, to think we require to see her skeletons. There is for ever some filthy, immodest sight imported here from her shores. Thus, in addition to all her beggars, singers, teachers, and bankrupt jacobites, we are favoured with naked skeletons, and wax Venuses, and every thing else that is calculated to corrupt the mind, through the medium of the eye. I am sure, that if we consider the French indelicate, they must consider us crazy.

From babes, whose tongue cannot repeat their woe,
To Age, that totters on with locks of snow!
Where'er we move, some wailings strike the ear,
And melt humanity into a tear!—
My countrymen,—though famished, friendless, poor,
Or trembling tatter'd, at the spurner's door,—
Like Stoics, bear an uncomplaining grief,
Till GOVERNMENT shall bring its slow relief![1]

Will Pity aid?—oh, here are pangless hearts,
Where sympathy no tender pain imparts;
Eyes, that can mark, like dead ones, fixed as glass,
The tearful Britons, fainting as they pass!—

[1] What a lamentable sight it is, to find in every street, some half-naked wretch, whining his miserable complaint; or else some famished mother with a baby clinging to her bosom, and two or three shoeless children at her side! There are, certainly, many impositions among beggars; but it is impossible that even half can be impostors. Whatever be the cause of such extensive beggary among the poorer classes, it is evident, that the country is still in a starving state; thousands of its most usefu class are daily starving.

Unnoticed here, the pauper lorn and pale,
With bleeding feet, may shiver to his tale,—
Unfed, the sailor with his quiv'ring lip
Recal the ocean, [1] by a painted ship, [2]—
Unwept, a suckling Niobé may plead,
While clinging infants lisp their early need!
And sadly faint, the shredless and unknown,
May chalk their fortunes on their bed of stone.

To this huge capital,—the dream of youth, [3]
That paradise till Fancy melt in truth,—

[1] "..... Et cantet si naufragus essem,
Proluterim? cantas cum fracta te in trabe pictum
E humero portes?

PERS. SAT.

[2] Amid all the appeals to a British heart, perhaps that of the sailor, speaks the loudest. Deception is soon discovered here; and when none exists, who can fail to regret the seeming ingratitude of the country, in allowing a grey-locked, weather-beaten mariner, to beg for food, and recal his services by a painted ship?

[3] Those who have accustomed themselves to picture London from the interesting description given of it, in Boswell's Johnson, &c. &c.

The young advent'rer, kindling for a name,
Repairs to offer at the shrine of Fame:
Parental lips have sealed their parting kiss,
And fond farewells have omen'd future bliss,—
Then proudly pure, his panting bosom glows,
While Hope around him all her magic throws;
Thus comes he to the crowded capital,
Where toil-worn genius fades, and talents fall;
And hate and rivalship alike conspire,
To crush the spirit, and exhale its fire.[1]

will be grievously disappointed on their arrival there:—and this will be particularly the case with the young, who consider it as a field that is certain to yield an abundant harvest. The truth is, since Johnson's time, venalism has been continually increasing; not only among the less cultivated classes of society, but among the literary and scientific. In these days of refinement, too, authorship is considered as the commonest attainment: as authors increase, so suspicion, coldness, envy, and malice, increase also. We shall look in vain for that social spirit, that philanthropic intercourse, which were kept up among literary men, in the days of Johnson.—

"Quot dies, quam frigidis rebus, absumsi!"

[1] "Many are called, but few are chosen." Many a young heart might have been spared its succeeding anguish, had it reflected

Deluding weakness! here did Goldsmith roam,
And Chatterton could share no shelt'ring home;
Here, martyred Otway hunger'd to his grave,
And toiling Johnson drudg'd a printer's slave!
The lurking satire of each stranger's eye,
The bribe-fed sycophants that swagger by,—
The knaves that cozen, and the fools that goad,
With all the thorns on life's precarious road,—
Commingled, these oft balk the firstling thrown
On life, to steer his little bark alone:

on this. I speak from known facts, in alluding to the many young men of struggling talent, who have come to London, and "slumbered in their pride." It is here for the first month, when, unregarded and unknown, we may feel the true force of Byron's beautiful lines.—

"But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess;
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can be bless;
* * * * * * *
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;—
This is to be alone;—this, this is solitude!"

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO II.

How many a flower of dear domestic pride,
In wasted fragrance here, has drooped and died!

Yet better far, to languish on and die,
Than live to pen the page of infamy,
Like those dull tools that browse on mean-got pay,
And furbish libels to supply the day,—
Too vain to labour where their fathers did,
Turned letter'd dolts in gloomy garrets hid;
Where, unbeheld, their fev'rish lungs can drink,
The smoky airs that whistle through each chink:
A bed, whose bronzing blankets sweep the ground,
Amid dismember'd chattels mourning round;
One fusty board, where rare the grub is placed,
A desk, and shelf with mildew'd volumes graced—
And lamp and filth—complete the stenching room,
Where Cockney paper-minions mope and fume.
Fine rapes and murders—acted in the brain,—
And sudden fires quenched out by sudden rain;
A magic quill, for pand'ring party lies,
To heap on virtuous heads foul calumnies;

The art to wrench a pun, or slimy bit
Of cobbled nonsense clench'd up into wit,
Or, pinch a puff—indite a paragraph,
Or Tookish squib to make the Tookites laugh,—
Insures a living where detraction's fed,
A "free admission," and a lousy bed.
The skinny lip, moist eye, and thread-worn dress,
And lean long visage, soap can seldom bless,—
Announcing mark, like Cain's base-branded brow,
These plodding elves, from Grub-street to the Row.[1]

Sure, England's climate more diseaseful grows,
And every gust a fresh distemper blows!

Of course, since many of the papers and journals are chiefly supported by slanders, puns, insinuations, and heaps of well-digested falsehoods, the general authors, or quack literati, have had tolerable good employment. Little real talent is required to qualify one of these minions. Recklessness, must be the chief ingredient.—

> "Ne quid quam populo bibulas donaveris aures,
> Respue, quod non es; TOLLIT SUA MUNERA CERDO,
> Tecum habita, et noris, quam sit tibi curta supellex.
> PERS. IV.

Since Æsculapians now, like mushrooms rise,
And physic sickens on the sated eyes. [1]
No art is quackless now;—from College skill,
To Lambert's Balm, and Abernethy's pill:
What lives are ravag'd by the baleful craft,
Of canker'd powders, and blood-pois'ning draught!
Who knows what hapless victims yearly fall,
By lancing lubbers, and cathartic ball;—

[1] "Inde fere scelerum causæ, nec plura venena,
Miscuit, aut ferro grassatur sæpius ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quam SÆVA CUPIDO
INDOMITI CENSUS: NAM DIVES QUI FIERI VULT,
ET CITO VULT FIERI.

JUV. XIV.

How eminently applicable these lines are to the present universal systematic quackery! Each wall, each window, and each paper, continually presents us with some new attempt at specious extortion. Among quacks, the medicinal ones are very conspicuous. It is very probable, that through the means of increasing quack doctors, the overplus of the poor population will in time be removed. I will freely give this bright idea to Malthus, and if he choose to write a treatise from my valuable suggestion, I here promise faithfully, that he shall not be prosecuted for piracy!

Hack'd, awill'd, and purg'd, till physic stifle breath,—
Though such mistakes ne'er hap till AFTER death!

Our flesh seems priceless after parted life,
And feeling shudders at the murd'rous knife;
That worms should feast upon primeval earth,—
This doctrine Nature speaks, to mark our birth;
But human thieves, to mawl th' uncoffin'd clay,
And tear men up before the judgment day!—
Such putrid horrors for the Christian dead,
Become a cannibal's,—or Cooper's head; [1]

[1] "Why should I care what they do to me when I am dead!" is a very common and plausive exclamation. I do not pretend to very fine feelings, and yet I shrink from the idea of being disinterred, and mercilessly carved up to exercise the knives of pert young students at St. Bartholomew's. With our friends, this feeling of horror at their disinterment, acts, perhaps, with still greater force. We do not like the idea of an old retreat being destroyed; how, in the name of humanity, can we approve of their sentiments, who tell us, that the dead ought to be anatomised for the cause of science? Heaven knows, we have quite enough of surgeons. Besides, if corpse-stealing were permitted, it would open a path for further delinquencies, and

Though Abernethy sniff his awful nose,
And College puppies plant their bloody blows!

"AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD;"
So lectur'd Pope, who swayed the critic's rod;—
He's prais'd by matron, moralist and don,
Though SEEN more rarely than the coal-black swan!
TRUE HONESTY!—where is it in these days,
When rogues repeat, and villains beg their praise?—
Not in the full-blown unassuming face,
Where honesty is but a smiling grace;
Nor in the glossy candour of their tones,
Who pule and gabble what the heart disowns;—
Nor in prim proverbs daub'd with moral paint,
Where unfelt goodness whimpers from the saint,
Or mumbling drones, that foster secret vice,
But blazon Virtue, and define her nice:

tend to harden every sympathy that honours our nature. Abernethy will sneer at this.—

. . . . . Ασκυλαπιὸν
——πανσοδαπᾶνάλτῆρα νούσον.
Ηιν∂.

In truth, the HONEST MAN [1] scarce lives at all,
The last I saw, was on a church-yard wall! [2]—
If ev'ry knave must have his reprimand,
Then take a rope, and gibbet half the land.

A tribe there is,—the tribe of every street, [3]
That steal unhang'd, yet help to hang the cheat;

[1] "But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes
Could recommence to hunt his HONEST MAN,
And found him not amid the progenies
Of this enormous city's spreading spawn;
'Twere not for want of lamps to aid his dodging hies,
Yet undiscovered treasure. What I can,
I've done to find the same throughout life's journey,
But see the world is only one attorney!"

BYRON.

[2] "Here lies an honest man."

[3] Law and roguery are now almost synonymous. There are by far too many lawyers, for all of them to be honest. The profession of a lawyer, if honourably discharged, is certainly of the highest importance; but, if this were more generally the case, lawyers would be less numerous. Some time since, the papers mentioned, that a troop of puppyish clerks were actually attending the sessions and assizes, and presumingly cozening all the town with the exercised authority of a lawyer!! "*O tempora! O mores!*"

A plague so direful, Egypt never saw,—
The money-gulping vermin of the law:
The perjur'd banes to aught sincere and good,
Who prowl for jobs, and filch for daily food:
No doubt, if Satan roams his kindred earth,
He finds a lawyer's cranium for his birth![1]

Down that long lane,[2] whose time-encrusted porch
Leads care-worn clients to a dubious lurch,

[1] *Lussurio.* Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?
Vendice. Why, going to law.
Luss. Why, will that make a man melancholy?
Vend. Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram:—I went me to law in *anno quadragessimo secundo*, and I waded out of it in *anno sexagessimo tertio.*
Luss. May it be possible such men should breathe
To vex the term so much?
Vend. 'Tis *food* to *some my lord!* There are old men at present that are so poisoned with the affection of law-words, (having had many suits canvassed) that their common talk is nothing but Barbary Latin;—they cannot so much as pray but in law, that their sins may be removed with a writ of error, and their souls fetched up to heaven with a *sasararæ (certiorari.)*
REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

[2] Chancery Lane.

In woeful wigs, and wavy robes resort,
Our budding Eldons, to beseige the court;
With fretful step, and circumambient glance,
And wrinkled brow, and bag, all slow advance;
Grim, lean, and hunger'd,—pond'ring on their cause,
And prompt to spy the loop-holes of the laws.
But see! what dapper caitiffs bustling come,
Whose teeth-grip'd lips compress the mutter'd hum?
A savage grin plays on the sallow cheek,
While knitting eye-brows, augur'd pillage speak;
Beneath their hugging arms, tied briefs repose,
And free behind, the ruby tape-string flows:
These are the scurvy minions of a breed,
Whose sateless mouths on thwarted justice feed,—
A cringing, tricky, over-bearing host,
Whose law is quibble, and whose cheat's a boast;
Who twist fair reason to a crooked shape
Teach fraud to flourish, and the rogue to'scape,
Conceal a contract deed, from orphans wrench,
And help the thief, both in and out the bench;

A baser tribe, three kingdoms cannot nurse,
To well-stocked clients, bowing, sneaking, terse;
To lowlier ones, presumptive braggarts they,—
Tap-room Moguls, and despots of the day:
E'en round the cup they'll pant to twine the laws,
And plot a quarrel, to create a cause!

Now leave the law, for that which must allure,—
For MODESTY—so docile and so pure!
Marked in the gait, and seated on the front,
And just now gallicised to, *mauvaise honte*,—
Of ev'ry home and ev'ry clime a part,
But rarely templed in the taintless heart:
The French [1] (a southern clime is apt to warm,)
Perceive its presence in each filthy charm:—

[1] The French are impudently immodest, the English craftily so;—the former will tell you, that though their visible actions may appear indecorous, they are stoics at heart:—the latter are seldom outwardly so, while *(ut Galli dicunt)* they are more lascivious in secret. It may be natal prejudice,—but on the whole, I think

Hack'd, swill'd, and purg'd, till physic stifle breath,—
Though such mistakes ne'er hap till AFTER death!

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And feeling shudders at the murd'rous knife;
That worms should feast upon primeval earth,—
This doctrine Nature speaks, to mark our birth;
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And tear men up before the judgment day!—
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Where unfelt goodness whimpers from the saint,
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tend to harden every sympathy that honours our nature. Abernethy will sneer at this.—

. . . . . Ασκυλαπιὸν
——παντοδαπᾶν ἀλητῆρα νούσων.
Ηινδ.

O, that's a tailor, kneaded to a fop,
Obliged Sir T. with loans,—and left his shop!
"And who is he, with punchy cheek, and nose,
Whose vermeil tip with pompous grandeur glows?"—
A bouncing huckster,—in the Commons now,
Who piles his honour on a brazen brow. [1]

Revealing day has fled;—and foggy Night,
With mist, and lamp-light, claims alternate right:
Now, perch'd in coaches, whirl to see the play,
The stiff-neck'd traders, weary of their day;
Clad in the motley hues of dressy skill,
How sweet to lose the meanness of a till!

[1] In a place so vast and populous as London, select society is scarcely to be expected:—at places of public amusement, this is totally out of the case. Of course, a humble man's penny-piece is just as useful as a peer's;—let him shake his gold, and all the doors of the Assembly Rooms will spring open, like the cave door in the "Forty Thieves."

Alack! each grumble, posture, gabbling flow,
Announce the shop,—though in the LOWER ROW;[1]
The frowsy Hottentots that puff and stare,
The snip that paws his chin, and ruffs his hair,
The sleek apprentice, balancing his side,
And fumbling hucksters, big with watch-chain pride,
Poor mimics!—show amid their "bran new" dress,
The direful struggles of vain littleness.

How time must lag, where Fashion sits the queen,
Nor heart, nor soul, commingles with the scene;
Where each succeeding hour is but the last,
And Folly stagnates, by herself surpass'd:—

[1] The lower boxes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, &c. present a most incongruous medley of gentilities, and vulgarities. The cocknies seem quite adverse to distinctions, and the managers think it quite beneath them to care whether a new-coated tinker, or a peer, occupy the stage-box. Oh! Liberty!—Thrice blessed goddess, Liberty,—*alias* Impudence!

To scribble, leave the card's diurnal lie,
Watch Christie's grin, or pinch a noon-tide pie,
Create importance in a matin call,
Unpack a tradesman's shop—nor buy at all,—
Crawl forth each morn, and so yawn out the day,
Growl, smile, and guzzle,—sorrowing, to be gay;
Thus, Fashion dupes her addle-headed slaves,
Until, like dogs, they shrivel to their graves!

How sweet those hours! where beldames, fine and fat,
Enjoy the curtsey, and the thumb-worn hat;
Now, fools assembled for a tongue-born strife,
In nimble nonsense talk away their life;
What Miss elop'd?—Whose paroquet has died?—
The mighty trash a solemn hint implied;
How gross Duke D——! how famine thins the land!
What future "Boleyn" groans 'neath Milman's hand?
Of C———m's amours, Fitzherbert's right,—
What new-made whore shall kick the stage to-night?

Here, tender Wellesley and enamour'd Bligh,
With kid-napp'd Turner, rouse each Wakefield's sigh;
Here pug-like Brummells wince, and Berkleys walk,
While eager Pagets linger as they talk;
And HOLY Clóghers preach of skies above,
Or wink a lecture on illegal love:
Old maids are prim'd—the coxcombs cough perfume,
And BELLES and albums please the fool-cramm'd room,
While naked Cupids, frisking on a screen,
Make staring widows pant for what has been!

When chilling mists, within a yellow cloud,
Creep on the Strand, and dense the street enshroud,
And floating filth, from each Mac Adam's road,
Lights on the cheek, as swift the drivers goad,[1]—

[1] Since the *macadamization* of the London roads, it is very evident that filth has abundantly increased there. Many, are literally canals of floating filth during the winter season.—What sort of apology does this street-destroyer mean to offer? It would be but

Then London, like a chrysalis, unrolls,
And dark December greets her winter souls:
Fleet rush the chariots,—flash the whisker'd host,
Poole loads the wall, and Hafiz daubs the "Post"—
Returning gadders soon the tour-race run,
And Margate follies thrive at Kensington.

While tawdry Fashion struts her idle way,
Let's pause, and sketch some models of the day:
First stalks the coxcomb, flimsy,—frothy—vain,
In step a Brummell, and in look a Hayne;
"From head to toe," perfum'd like Rowland shops,
He's every inch the paragon of fops!
A porkish whiteness pales his plastic skin,
And muslin halters hold the pimpl'd chin;
A gleaming spy-glass dangles from his neck,
And ev'ry honor hangs upon his beck!

fair, if he were compelled to *un-macadamize* every road that he has ruined.

A goatish thing—he lives on ogling eyes,
On scented handkerchiefs, and woman's sighs!
Its door-acquirements, and revolving limb,
Its luscious prate, and bawdy hints so trim,—
Secure each beldame's patronizing smile,
And feast the Bacchanals of lewd Argyle![1]

The foppish soldier, pining for a ball,[2]
Comes clinking next, the cynosure of all:

[1] To look upon fresh beauties, to discourse
In an unblushing merriment of words,
To hear them play or sing, and see them dance,
To pass the time in pretty amorous questions,
Read a chaste verse of love, or prattle riddles,
Is th' height of his temptations.
FORDE'S CHASTE AND NOBLE.

[2] Military *exquisites* are daily coming into fashion; but these things are to be met with principally in London and Brighton;—in the latter place they flutter along the Steyne, and in and out the libraries as tenderly gaudy as any butterfly in the meadow.

Quis numerare queat felicis præmia, Galle,
Militiæ?—
JUV. XVI.

Though boastless he of W———'s war-nose,[1]
Like him, in uniform, his valour glows;
For him, will titled Harriets melt and frown,
And rank him darling puppy of the town:
Big lips, and clanking chains, and polished spurs,
And sword—that rarely from its scabbard stirs,
The war-like foot fall, and the hairy glue,
All fit him for another Waterloo!—
Although from blood and smoke his hands are clean,
And all his actions fought on Brighton Steyne.

While these bedizen'd fools in daylight pass,
And even Wisdom peeps in Fashion's glass,
Pray not, ye Brummells, for King Charles' times,
We have far sleeker knaves, and courtly crimes;

[1] I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as
You, my Lord Duke! is far above reflection.
BYRON.

Our tom-fool Haynes, our Theodores for wits,
The court-bred bevy, and the whore-famed cits,—
His gilded puppies, when the wars are o'er,
His heroes whimp'ring at a strumpet's door!

As blinded Fortune's artful wheel went round,
And crafty Bish made prize or blank abound,
So Fashion's umpires plot their doubtful sway,
Now puppies rule—now grooms command the day;
Still, let them take due rank and place,
Now modest Berkely lends them all his grace!
And spitting Harb'rough cracks the heated stone,
While ling'ring Stanhope sighs to share his throne;—
O! mark the red nosed Jehu, awe the street,
With file-thinn'd teeth, and "benjamin" complete;
His balanc'd hat, and far equestrian gaze,
The val'rous spume that round his muzzle plays;
That cock-pit air, and fine Herculean fist,
Where Belcher science turns the flexile wrist;

The look from Tatterstall's,—the snorted "hail,"—
All shew him tallied for the horse's tail:
Had heaven, in pity, doomed the vulgar fool
In fitter rank the whip and wheel to rule,
How would his stable mien adorn the place,
And add new dignity to coachee's grace!

Be proud, be greatly proud of Jehu's fame,
Great Albion, worthy now of Argos' name:
Each high-born ass—each "bit of blood" can breed,
Or whip with critic lash, the glossy steed;
Far round the world thy TITLED GREATNESS blooms,
Thy barons whips, thy peerage raised to grooms![1]

[1] The acquirement of groom accomplishments by noblemen—their pre-eminent skillfulness in deciding on the symmetry of a prize-fighter's muscles—and their anatomical precision in respect to cocks' spurs and bull dogs' teeth, are all in the highest degree, classical, being derived from the ancient Roman customs.

There are some brutal dolts of HUNTISH schools,[1]
Who deem all women born for sensual tools;
As if no chasteness hallowed female breasts,
And love and constancy but liv'd in jests!—
Some colder tastes approve the priggish Blues,[2]
Who shift their sex, and snarl like quack reviews,
Blight every gentle grace that Nature gave,
And stifle loveliness in learning's grave;—
But, where's the heart, that has not said farewell
To each pure feeling—that approves the "BELLE"?
That living lie, to wanton and decoy,
The puppy's play-thing, and the ball-room toy;

[1] See a number of the London Magazine, where Mr. Hunt, with his customary chasteness of feeling, advocates our using women as tools for sensuality.

[2] The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,
And with the pages of the last Review
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
Advanced in all their armies' highest hue.
BYRON.

The one whom flippant thousands dream their own,
The love of all, and yet a friend in none!
Such now the Frenchy belles of Britain's isle,
Begot to dress, to dazzle, and beguile,—
Or slabber royal palms, and gaily flaunt,
At steamy Bath,[1] —that Bedlamitish haunt;

[1] Bath, as every-body knows, is a little town in Somersetshire,—first brought into notice by the medicinal effect of its waters, on some pigs. Since this period of pig-renown, it has gradually risen into airy repute, until it has become the very centre of fashion, folly, and flirtation. Without slandering this touchy place, we may say, that from December to May, each year, there are assembled here enough ideots to stock every other city in the kingdom. Do you wish to swagger?—Go to Bath. Do you wish to play the jackass, and set the town a braying?—Go to Bath. Do you wish to be humbugged?—Go to Bath. Is your daughter eligible for a husband?—Dance her off to Bath:—in short, this Bath may become the arena for anything you please. Also, if you are fond of lingering on those pure times of Adam-and-Eve-like simplicity, you may be gratified by observing ladies and gentlemen swimming about together in the hot bath, with the most innocent SANG FROID.

Gifford, I imagine, had Bath in his eye, when he said—

"The town,—the town, good mayor, has asses' ears."

There, taught by swaddled demireps, she blooms,
The twirling, would-be bawd of Nash's Rooms;[1]
Each year, the tourist of sea-water'd towns,
Till virgin simpers change to spousal frowns:—
When we survey these flimsy dolls deck'd out,
By trick maternal, for the evening rout,
Their inane flutter, and illusive gaze,
Or hear the gabblings of their selfish praise;[2]
Vain seems the form, without its gem, the soul,—
That priceless charm which beautifies the whole!

[1] The Bath Assembly Rooms; first brought into repute, by the unrivalled fooleries of the Bath Sage—Beaux Nash.

[2] Women that dare attempt any thing,—and what they attempt, they care not how they accomplish: without premeditation,—rash in asking,—desperate in working,—impatient in suffering,—extreme in desiring,—slaves unto appetite,—mistresses in dissembling,—only constant in inconstancy,—only perfect in counterfeiting;—their words are feigned,—their eyes forged,—their sighs dissembled,—their looks counterfeit,—their hair false,—their given hopes deceitful,—their very breath artificial. *Their blood is their only god; bad clothes, and old age, are the only devils they tremble at.*—MARSTON.

A glorious picture this, of a belle or slut of the nineteenth century!

Now to the Sabbath turn—by Heav'n design'd
To solace labour, and becalm the mind;
It dawns on London, but for dress and art,
When pride, for six days kept, relieves the heart.
What! though the time-hoar'd steeples point sublime,
And, from the belfry rolls the far-swell'd chime,
Though mingled peals, by ling'ring breezes driv'n,
Still sound like deep mementos kneil'd from heav'n;
How rare the homage, kindled by the day,
Within the fane, or on the wheel-worn way!
The lifted hands, and FELT responsive tone,
The knee's low bend before the viewless throne,—
That heart-born worship pictur'd in the gaze,
And deep seclusion of the soul that prays—
Few fanes ere hallow now—though Fashion there,
Opes her vile lip, and deems the mock'ry, pray'r. [1]

[1] When religion begins to be disregarded, we may clearly foresee the woeful consequences. He who mixes much in general society, (particularly in Town) will perceive a looseness of religious principle gradually introducing itself into every rank. Nothing is more common than the exclamation—"What a miserable gloomy Sabbath

To flaunt a boddice, or a fine peruke,
Survey a rival, and a dropsied duke,—
Review their skins, and realize the noon,
Turn the light head, and lisp a pew lampoon,
Or mete the mincing parson's plastic neck,
And close each "hear us!" with a nod or beck,—
For this, the ton, in George's genteel fane
From parks, and Thames' stream, an hour refrain!
Some too, are holy round their Sunday fire,
Where, baffled doctrines like its smoke expire;
Discuss polemics o'er their tea and toast,
Doubt fast—and smile away the Holy Ghost. [1]

our's is!—how differently 'tis spent in France." Differently!—God grant, that it may forever be spent differently.

[1] Of course, in proportion as infidelity propagates, religious controversies must increase. It would be some consolation, if the discussion of intricate points in theology, were confined to those whom previous study and attainments had properly qualified;—but, alas! it is far otherwise. Beardless striplings, supplied with a few fine sophisms from Hume and Bayle, are become the readiest cavillers at what their wiser ancestors revered; while flippant young misses, with contemptuous pertness glowing on their noses, begin to denounce St. Paul, and question St. Peter. Sure, our's is a learned age—if nothing else!

While thus Religion, and each rev'rend truth,
Are scoff'd by dotards, and contemn'd by youth,
Presiding Vice, with all her hell-born train,
Pervades the city, and pollutes the plain:
What styes of lewdness,—cells for covert crime,
What holes to suit all age, all rank, and time,
Are London's modern haunts—where bevies swarm,
And vice is bliss, and infamy, a charm!—
Her pits, where meet the beggar'd and the great,
St. Giles' scroff, with helmsmen of the state,—
Her dark retreats for link-boys, cheats, and sots,
Who celebrate their orgies round their pots,—
Her masquerades, where dress'd debauchers wile,
And bevied harlots straddle through Argyle.

Argyle!—fir'd [1] at the sound, my muse shall light [2]
In honest vengeance on humbugging W——

[1] "Fir'd at the sound, my genius," &c.
GOLDSMITH.

[2] It would be utterly impossible (for many reasons) to notice ALL the dens of iniquity in the metropolis: general satire is, therefore, the most

That vinous Colburn, whose accursed rhymes,
Delude the country, and disgrace the times:
Poetic rogue!—will not the day-light gain
Enough poor victims for thy false champagne?
That drug-compounded mess of gooseberry juice,
Corked into froth, and coloured for our use;—
Must the pale drunkards of the midnight hour,
Buy off the stale, the rotten, and the sour,
Each lot too rancid for the day's broad sale,
With all the mess of porter and of ale?
O what a heaven is thine own Masquerade!
Now for the velvet cap, and rich brocade,

appropriate in those subjects, where the sinners are too plentiful, or the vices too extensive, to allow of separate notices. However, I have separately introduced three or four of the most noted haunts, whose genteel enticements render them the more dangerous. I regret, I have not the No. of the Lit. Gaz. in which Mr. Jerdan shows up this wine monger and his brotherhood with critical elegance. How such a learned, polished, and arrogant brood as the Londoners, can suffer themselves to be complacently humbugged by the villainous trickeries of the Argyle conspiracy, is indeed "prodigious!"

The clown to tumble, with his plaster'd face,
Eunuchs with belts,—and harlots in their lace!
The knave as polished as his heart is black,—
The whole foul orgies of an Argyle pack!
What then?—the minstrel slyly creeps his round,
The pastry lessens, and the corks abound!—
Though each trick'd virgin should return a w——e,
No matter, ——— has sunk his cellar'd store!
Oh, Fie! Mayor Brown [1]—to suffer such a troop,
Forsake awhile the turtle and the soup;
Go, send your red-fringed bullies to Argyle,—
No "hell" so monstrous, and no den so vile!
Break up this glittering bedlam of the night,
Protect the sawney, and empale C———!

[1] A friend, to whom the proof sheet has been submitted, tells me, I've blundered a little in appealing to the Mayor—as his jurisdiction does not extend beyond the City. I'm very sorry—uncommonly sorry, for this. I am quite sure, that if Mayor Brown is not bound to look into the Argyle den, some one with similar pretensions, ought to do so.

To London, too, what rustic maids decoy'd
From those sweet homes, their infant years enjoy'd,
By courteous villains are beset and wil'd,
Till, left undone,—defenceless,—and defil'd!
If One there be, that sees sublime o'er all,
"A hero perish, or a sparrow fall"—
His judgment-curse repay the trait'rous arts,
That wither up the innocence of hearts,—
In secret stews, that slaughter trusting love,
And blast the spirits that should reign above! [1]

To blazon London vice, need Satire's muse.
Descend to cock-pits, "Finish," and the stews,—

[1] In crying up the villainy of seducers, I am touching on a most hacknied subject,—one that enables many editors to wear new hats, and that supports the existence of many a gasping journal. But, in taking a view of the vices of the age, it would have been an omission not to have adverted to it. Let me add, that London has vastly improved in the seduction way, lately—as also in elopements—crim. cons.—and all other exquisite "signs of the times."

Root out the Drury styes and oyster-shops,
Their hoggish keepers, and maintaining fops?
To fill the house, e'en MANAGERS purvey
Saloon and bawd, that cater for the play!
Here, 'tween each act the Cyprian dames retreat,
And swagg'ring coxcombs fellow souls may meet;
Here, lordlings flourish forth colloquial ire,
Till the long mirrors steam with lust-breath'd fire;
While oft around the glaring punks entice,
And flutt'ring freshmen hand the creamy ice:
Warm thanks to managers, let fathers raise,
Ye tender mothers, join their glowing praise,
For where can wanton youth such wisdom learn,
And kindled lewdness through the bosom burn—
As in saloons,—where mix'd enchantments fill
At once young folly's cup, and play-house till? [1]

[1] The only reason the managers can adduce for providing a saloon for harlots, &c. is, that they bring a fuller house:—a very plausible one, truly! So vice is thus to be patronised for the benefit of mana-

Proud spreads the feast, and richly flows the wine,
In yon tall club-house, where the knaves combine;
Congenial villains—firmly all unite
To dazzle, glut, and gamble out the night:
'Tis sweet, through Fashion's round to darken all,
Out-deck the peer, and startle at the ball;
'Tis sweet, to strut the nabobs of the day,
Tho' cheats conspired, and gambling grip'd their pay!
True to their trade, these clubbing swindlers swear
To pluck the fortunes of each silly heir;
Then crawl away, like spiders fat with blood,—
Fools for their game, and ruin for their food!

How oft is beggar'd affluence forced to roam
Far from its peace, and once respected home,

gers' pockets, at the expence of corrupted minds! It is here that an evil arises from visiting the play house. Many take their FIRST lesson in sensuality in these saloons, where all conspires to allure and pollute.

While all its honours droop forgot away,
And palaces become a blackleg's prey ?[1]
No tie the gambler from his conclave tears,
Himself, nor dearer self, his passion spares ;
When wretched Av'rice weaves her deadly plot,
See kindred, heaven, and hell itself forgot !

Great God ! how hearts must welter in their vice,
When blighted happiness supports the dice,

[1] The club-house bilks are some of the most dangerous characters that infest the metropolitan sphere. Gentlemen in appearance, their suavity serves but to pander for their villainy ; while they are continually on the alert to "pluck" the unwary possessors of wealth, whom the club-house cant denominates "freshmen."

Probably, Cumberland had the club-houses, hells, &c. in his view, when he says, "It is well for gamesters, that they are so numerous as to make a society of themselves, for it would be a strange abuse of terms to rank these among society at large, whose profession it is to prey upon all who compose it. Strictly speaking, it will bear a doubt if a gamester has any other title to be called a man, except under the distinction of Hobbes, and upon claim to the charter of *homo hominis lupus*. As a human wolf, I grant he has a right to his wolfish prerogatives."

And gamblers with convivial smiles can meet,
Sit face to face, and triumph in the cheat!
Within St. James' Hells, what bilks resort,—
Both young and hoary, to pursue their sport!
'Tis Mis'ry revels here!—the haggard mien
And lips that quiver with the curse obscene,
The hollow cheeks that faintly fall and rise,
While silent madness flashes from the eyes,
Those fever'd hands, the darkly-knitting brow,
Where mingling passions delve their traces now—
Denote the RUINED,—whose bewilder'd air,
Is one wild vengeful throbbing of despair!
Deserted homes, and mothers' broken hearts,
Forsaken offspring,—crime's unfathomed arts,
The suicide,—and ev'ry sad farewell,—
These are the triumphs of a London Hell![1]

[1] Mr. Luttrel has written a little satirical rhapsody on "Crockford House," or I should have paid my respects to the Fishmonger. As it is, I can only wish him and similar wretches who purvey for the

Can titles dignify a cunning cheat?—
Not though C———[1] swear the debt complete,
When he, O'N——, and P——— conjoin,
Bamboozle A——o, and divide the coin:[2]
For such a bandit, famed Chalk Farm uprears
Its battle-field,—where base or brutish peers,
And touchy boobies, fire away their dread,
And thick-skulls blunt, the disappointed lead:
Lo! there the heroes stand,—the pistols roar!—
Heaven sweep from Britain's isle one villain more!

Here L—— and G—— their prowess try,
Till gentle smoke-clouds fumigate their eye;

ruin of their fellow creatures, all the blessings derived from the bounty of their infernal master.

[1] This noble personage and his illustrious comrades, struggled with very creditable constancy, to wipe away the blots from their "insulted honour;" but suspicion could not but discover the "dirty creature at its work again."

[2] Alluding to a late exposure.

And tender Dick,[1] whose philanthropic pride
Can drop a tear on ev'ry donkey's side,—
His duellistic fools can here surpass,
And shoot the blackleg, though he guard the ass:

The last fine haunt for Fashion's bloated dames,
To pamper pride, and furbish up their names,—
Is proud "Almacks," where rival quarterings rear,
And harridans select their fav'rite peer;
Fair S———'s luring smile, and S——d's frown,
Soft H——'s smirk, and B——y's book renown,—

[1] This gentleman is rather of an anomalous nature. He has immortalized himself in the curses of all donkey drivers, by proposing his Humanity Act; and yet, he is quite a fighting Fitzgerald in duelling. I am aware, however, that donkies are far more serviceable than many members of Parliament; and, as for the horse, what a compliment a great classic poet has paid to its noble nature;—"αγαλματῆς υπερπλοντου χλιδῆς," (Æschylus Promoth. Vinct.) Perhaps Mr. Professor of Humanity never shoots at any but such as are beneath the value of a good horse or donkey—if so, with my best wishes for your success, "*macte virtute*," delicate Dick.

All serve the myst'ries of this dread conclave [1]
While Willis toils, their sneakup and their slave:
O peerless senate!—ye who here decree,
And trace beyond the flood, a pedigree,
Illumined rulers of a wax-lit stye,
Where passion twirls the leg, and rolls the eye,—
Let your mean pride ascend to decent aim,
Outlaw the bosom's lust-creating shame,
Loose the tight breech, * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
Though H——— arm her cold-condemning gaze,
And lip-flush'd L——— pine for other days—

[1] All these "great ladies" alluded to, are of the highest importance in that conclave of ideotic beldames who decide upon "who shall," and "who shall not." Willis is the quill man, *alias*, secretary, *alias*, card-dispenser-general for the Almack's troop. Lady Foley, (so report said,) presented the world with a sleepy novel respecting sundry high-born fools, &c. connected with this haunt, some time since.—I beg your ladyship's pardon, but, was there not a LEETLE too much *midwifery* in it? "I guess"—to quote Matthews, "that 'Almacks' was written by your ladyship's maid, instead of by your ladyship's self;—am I 'quite correct,' my lady?"

Untempted Virtue might o'ersway the ball,
And lech'ry burn within a safer thrall!

The ball commences—rich the music flows,
Melts on the heart, and vivifies the toes;
Wide o'er the room, behold the chalky round,
Where light the foot-beat floor begins to bound;
Awak'ning pleasure each red face illumes,
And flirting misses toss their crested plumes;—
Warm streams the blood within each thrilling vein,
Tints the bright cheek, and rushes on the brain.

Now anxious ideots in their pomps appear,
From city banker up to lean jaw'd peer;
Here a huge beldame swells within her stays,
Smirks at each beau—and flaps him for his praise;
Here Bond Street puppies, rank with *eau Cologne*,[1]
Limp round the room, and whimper to the ton;

[1] Properly—*Eau de Cologne.*

While peevish beldames by their daughters watch,
Glance in their eyes, and pray—"God send a match!"

Connubial Waltz! 'tis thine our sight to charm,
Wake the sweet thrill, and kindle all the form—
'Tis thine to shed soft dreams as on we trip,
Unbind the bosom, * * * * *
In longing eyes to pour a lech'rous flame,
And hide indecent motions in thy name!

The doleful thunder of the deep-mouth'd bell,
Hath roll'd to heav'n the dying day's farewell;
And, like a death-groan from a tomb in air,
The echo bounds with dismal mutter there;—
'Tis midnight hour:—through England's city Queen
Her countless lamps throw out their glitt'ring sheen;
And oft, some pensive pilgrims trace awhile,
The far faint lustre of their twinkling file,—

Then turning, look, where more serenely bright,
Smile the sweet spirit stars of list'ning Night.

The city slumbers, like a dreary heart,
Whose chaining sorrows tremblingly depart;
And now, what victims are within her walls,
Whom changeful Fortune martyrs, guides and thralls!
The pale-cheek'd mourner in the dungeon's tomb,
The glad ones tripping o'er the wax-lit room,—
The proud and mean—the wealthy and the poor,
The free to spend—the miser at his ore,
All now, from ev'ry shade of woe and joy,
In changeful moods their midnight hour employ:
How many pillows bear some fev'rish head,
Damp with the weepings on their downy spread;
How many eyes, in sealing slumber hid,
With tear-drops quivering on their wan-cold lid!

A day of thought, and mingled labour past,
Unwatch'd,—unknown,—with dreamy front o'ercast,

Won by the starry time, I've lov'd to walk
The silent city, and with feeling talk;
While on the languor of a fever'd frame,
The vesper calm of cooling midnight came:
The glistening choir around their Dian Queen,
The heaven of azure, mellow'd and serene;
With all the blended musings of the heart,—
Then told me, Night, how eloquent thou art!
Here, while I paced along the shrub-crown'd square,
Between whose laurels flit the lamp's faint glare,
And watchlights from illumined windows played,
Athwart the quiet street their flick'ring braid,—
Re-calling Mem'ry bade her spells disclose,
And rev'rend visions on my fancy rose:
Each matchless vet'ran of true English days,
With all the story of their tears and praise,—
The peerless spirits of our glorious clime,
Seemed hov'ring near to consecrate the time![1]

[1] People prate a great deal about local associations abroad—but, surely London ought, at times, to kindle up associations as sublime

Now from the Op'ra's widened portals stream
A shiv'ring concourse,—wide the torches gleam,—
And fling cadav'rous hues upon each face,
Where palled Delight has left her pale-worn trace;
Perturbed mark, the blinking chap'rons guard,
Wrapt in her gather'd silks—their dainty ward;
While flutt'ring near, gallants obtrusive try
To read the twinkling promise of her eye:
Within the crush-room fretful throngs parade,
And lisping puppies quizz each well-laced maid;
Some round the fire-place chafe their chilly hands,
Smooth their wild locks, and fold their silken bands:

and delightful as those excited by the moss and marble of decayed Rome. The lines above, are, I believe, the only ones approaching to egotism, throughout this poem:—however, of whatever nature they may be, they are the offspring of feelings excited by the scene. There are few sights, in my opinion, more commandingly beautiful than the appearance of many of the London Squares, &c. when slumbering beneath the mellow spread of midnight moonshine. Every thing around is calm, pensive, and imposing; and now is the hour for—

"Associations bland."

Here, too, the rival flirt with whispers loud,
Hung on a suitor's arm, attracts the crowd;
While borne with crutches to the creaking door,
The snarling cuckolds for their cars implore:
Without,—a Pandemonium seems to sound,
Where busy foot-falls beat along the ground;
The bouncing coachman's sky-ascending bawl,
And loud-mouthed lacquies elbowing through all,—
The cracking stones beneath each fire-eyed steed,
All eager pawing till the course is freed,
Commingled—greet the concourse hastening home,
To dream of neat-legg'd eunuchs fresh from Rome!

With tott'ring step and motion of a beast,
Next come the rev'llers, sotted from their feast;
Quick of affront, they growl some cockney strain,
Or stutter oaths to ease the swimming brain;
While bustling by, shop-puppies whiff cigars,
Clink their nail'd heels, and swagger at the stars!—
But who art thou, whose passion-wither'd face
Sheds mournful beauty through the netted lace?

Those radiant orbs, that so obtrusive shine
Like stars, beneath thine eyebrow's arching line,
That lip's vermillion,—brow of lucid snow,
Can these betray thee, child of sin and woe?
Alas, that ever woman's gentle soul
Should sink to glutted passion's base controul!
But still, around thine air there lurks a grief
That longs, yet will not ask a pure relief;
Perchance, ere villains taught thee thence to roam,
A mother clasped thee in her cottage home,
Some grey-locked sire sat round his evening hearth,
Hung on thy neck, and blessed thy happy birth![1]

But list! huge wheels roll o'er the jarring stones,
I hear the clatt'ring hoofs, and rabble's tones!
Before yon dome the creaking engines wait,
Where shield-mark'd firemen empt their liquid freight,

[1] I suppose this will seem rather too sentimental for *some* of my readers, but, "quot homines, tot sententiæ"—trite but true.

While, grandly awful to the startled sight,
Rear the red columns of resistless light!
The windows deepen into dreadful glow,
Till the hot glass bursts shatt'ring down below;
While darting fires around their wood-work blaze,
And lick the water, hissing as it plays;
Above the crackling roof fierce flames arise,
And whirl their sparks, careering to the skies;
Triumphantly the ravenous blazes mount,
As if they started from a fiery fount,
Now, cloud-like, piling up in billowy fire,
Now quiv'ring sunk, to re-collect their ire:—
But see! again whirl up the blood-red flames,
In vain the rushing flood their fury tames;
Like burning mountain-peaks, aloft they raise,
Their jagged columns of unequal blaze,
Till the loose beams, and flaking rafters fall,
And like a thund'ring earthquake, bury all! [1]

[1] A house on fire and a bankruptcy are two very common occurrences in the Metropolis. I have often witnessed what I have

And now, farewell!—[1] and IF a forceful line
Hath injured virtue,—let the blame be mine:
But if one vice hath borne its proper name,
Conceit its brand, and fopp'ry its shame;—
If reckless follies, and unblushing crimes,
And all the polished vileness of the times,
Are stamped with iron hate, severely true,—
Unmasked, unspared, and lash'd beneath the view—
Then, not desertless will the patriot deem
The censor's page, and widely-travelled theme.

attempted to describe above,—a sight that never failed to appear awful in my eyes.

[1] "My task is done—my song hath ceased—
.....
.....
.....
.....and what is writ is writ,—
Would it were worthier!"

Excuse me, reader—I have been cogitating for some tender little farewell, but all to no purpose!—'tis past midnight—my candle no longer shines like

"a good deed in a naughty world:"—

how unfortunate—I cannot, if 'twere to secure an edition of my poem, think of a good pathetic note—pardon, therefore, the abrupt conclusion:

VALE NOSTRI MEMOR!

And thou, lorn Wisdom's child, where'er thou art—
That mark'st each May-morn dream of hope depart,
The knave and parasite on Fortune's throne,
Whilst thou hast only thought to call thine own;
Still nobly live the solitary sage,
And soar in mind above this venal age;
Rich in thyself, partake the best content,—
A heart well governed, and a life well spent!

FINIS.

THE

RUNAWAYS.

A

Political Dialogue.

Methinks I hear the groans
Of complimental souls, taking their leave,
And all the din and clamorous rout:

Great monarch, if thy summons call us back;
We tender here our service.

OLD PLAY.

At this period, it is presumed, little preface is required to usher in the following DIALOGUE: the title speaks for the whole. The author himself is not servilely attached to the principles of any political party;—he wishes for the general welfare of his country; and therefore, where censure is introduced, CHARACTER, and not PARTY, has given rise to the remarks. It is proper to add, that the Dialogue itself was written prior to the meeting of parliament, after the late political dissolution.

THE

RUNAWAYS.

A

POLITICAL DIALOGUE.

Οιμαι δεῖν ὑμᾶς, ᾧ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, περὶ τηλικούτων βουλευομένους, διδόναι ΠΑΡΡΗΣΙΑΝ ΕΚΑΣΤΩ ΤΩΝ ΣΥΜΒΟΥΛΕΥΟΝΤΩΝ.

DEMOSTH.

MANLIUS.

FROM high to low, from pot-house to the court,
Where loungers gabble, and where knaves resort—
One buzz politic rumbles through the isle,
And Hunt and Toady [1] scribble by the mile :

[1] Cobbett.

The dunce decides—the caitiff quotes the law,
And threaten'd "England" shakes on ev'ry jaw![1]
Soon may this bubbling rage of fools be done,[2]
And Tommy[3] cease to twist his morning pun.

JULIUS.

But sure, when England's welfare stands at bay,
The humblest patriot has a part to play;
Beats there the blunted heart that cannot feel,
And swell with ardour, for his country's weal?

[1] This is rather obscure: Manlius means, that during the present political convulsions, poor England's safety is debated on by the ignorant, as well as the wise.

[2] The St. James's Chronicle, and Cobbett's Register, have been the most assiduous in lampooning Mr. Canning. The first machine has distinguished itself by sullen dullness—the second, by more than its customary slang and rancorous invective.

[3] The allusion, it is presumed, requires no illustration.

MANLIUS.

I love the feeling, but abhor the spume
Of walking parliaments, through street and room,—
And busy dabblers, who in prose or rhyme,
Exhaust their stupid slaver on the time;
A Patriot!—go to Peel's newspaper shop,
Mark there what "patriots" bluster o'er their drop!
See Eldon blasted by a boist'rous jeer,
And Melville crush'd beneath a pot of beer;
Carlisle hung up—poor Anglesea unfit,
While Peel is shatter'd by a bomb of wit!
Then go—

JULIUS.

————no further now in this tart strain,
To cooler thought, and straighter meaning deign:
What thinks my friend?—has England much to fear,
Now Canning enters on his high career?

Long may his wisdom o'er the land preside,
The monarch's glory, and the nation's pride!

MANLIUS.

Let truth succeed—no whig, or tory I—
Each to his post!—save that of infamy.

JULIUS.

Each to his post!—and is not Canning where,
Both truth and genius for his worth declare?
Amid the turmoils of his changeful life,
The whig convulsion, and the tory strife,—
One dauntless aim hath dignified each scene, [1]
And he himself a second Burke [2] hath been!—

[1] Since his first entrance into political life, Mr. Canning has invariably opposed Parliamentary Reform—advocated the gradual abolition of Slavery—and supported the Catholic question.

[2] Sheridan first introduced Canning to Edmund Burke, who then

My heart moves with it, while I tell the praise,
And linger round the glory of his days.

MANLIUS.

All cannot turn idolaters so well,—
There are some little specks which I could tell;
Some stains which cloud the brightness of his day;
That darkens at the sound of Castlereagh;[1]
Yet, still, I love the genius and the man,
And pay each tribute honest feeling can.

foresaw his success as a Parliamentary-orator. Burke, it is well-known, has all along been Canning's great prototype:—though perhaps Julius goes a little too far, in naming him a second Burke; the reason is obvious.

[1] Manlius refers here to an unpleasant affair between Canning and his colleague, (in 1809) Lord Castlereagh, &c. &c.

JULIUS.

And where lives he of EV'RY fault bereft,
Whose feet have NEVER turn'd from right to left?
"Take all in all,"—amid politic wars,
He shines, a moon among revolving stars:
And now, though sulky ministerial knaves,
And bribe-fed placemen, and conspiring slaves—
Though iron-hearted Eldon delve his brow,
And plotting rebels plan his ruin now,
While Bexley, Bathurst, like two beldames whine,
And Peel[1] moan forth "That Canning's lot were mine!"—

[1] Perhaps no man in the legislature bears at present so excellent a character as Mr. Peel:—it becomes him to be careful of it: the higher his eminence, the greater must be the fall. His last speech in the House (Thursday, May 3rd) certainly emitted a few violent sparks of that rancour he has endeavoured to deny and conceal.

Ne quid quam populo bibulas donaveris aures,
RESPUE QUOD NON ES: tollat sua munera cerdo.

Since the above note was written, the papers have announced, that, "Mr. Peel takes the lead of the opposition!" In doing this,

A king to guard,—an empire for his friend,
The base must cower, and Canning gain his end!

MANLIUS.

While Canning's genius aids the country's cause,
Each patriotic mind bestows applause,
But dark the hour, and dreary to the State,
When Papal blood-hounds rush to legislate!
In all but this, may Canning win the day, [1]
Though Eldon growl, and Melville sneak away.

he has at once cast away the proudest part of his "Character." Why did he not at first appear in his REAL "character," instead of setting on his stupid brother-in-law, to "beat about the bushes?" —the event proves that it was made up of hypocrisy.

[1] "In all but this?"—A rank tory will ask with wonder! "Why, this is Canning's darling project;" if you oppose him here—you are, in fact, a disciple of the "New Opposition." However, Manlius is by no means singular: it is on this point, that the ministerial Papers have been so uncomfortably situated.

JULIUS.

When I remember all the nest of foes,
The mean obstruction each dull reptile throws,—
Westmoreland hate, the pet of Waterloo,
Old Eldon's spite, and his congenial crew,— [1]
My heart misgives—the Premier fails to stand,
And tory bigots once more chain the land!
But then again, his Genius rears its might,
And all the Lilliputs sink out of sight!
Say, hast forgot, when, like an earthly god,
He still'd the house, as with a magic rod,

[1] Some of the runaways have laboured with very creditable stupidity, to prove that there was no caballing, in their simultaneous desertion. This futile hardihood, however, is only increasing the meanness and cowardice of their conduct. The whole concern has been attended with all those circumstances which distinguish a political plot. By the bye—in what a gallant way old Whiggy gave the lie direct, to Earl Grosvenor, on this subject;—of course, his Lordship did it under the protection of his grey hairs:—"FORTUNATE SENEX."

When England's prowess for her brave Ally,[1]
Bade all the Briton sparkle in his eye ?—
That elegance where art lay undefin'd,
That eye-lit meaning of the raptur'd mind,
The brow upreared—the lips' uncurb'd controul,
That seem'd but op'ning portals to the soul,—
The whole proud picture of a patriot then,
Fell on the heart, and mocks the feeble pen :
I mark'd his visage, while the feeling fir'd,—
It look'd the dial of a soul inspir'd,
Whence all the mantling flush of rapture shed
A living splendour round his classic head :
So warm his tone—majestical his air,
All felt the soul of eloquence was there;

[1] The speech alluded to by Julius, was delivered by Mr. Canning, on the subject of the war between Portugal and Spain :—the sensation it created, both in and out the House, will long be remembered.

The house was hush'd—like Ocean in repose,—
And Canning's world into creation rose!
E'en snappish Brougham smooth'd his jagged tongue,
And paid the homage from his envy wrung, [1]

[1] The superannuated "St. James Chronicle" will deem this admiration of the bombastic genius—quite out of their way of thinking: to their musty prejudices, part of Mr. Canning's speech appeared an effort of consummate arrogance—ECCE;—"Fortunatam me Consule Romam," though strictly true, was thought an extraordinary reach of arrogance, even in Cicero,—but, what was that to the arrogance of Mr. Canning's unfounded boast;—'I called a new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old.'' The remark of this decayed print appears to me as doltish as any thing I have read for a long time.

According to this sluggish idea of propriety, any lofty sentiment or expression arising from the ardour of the moment, is afterwards to be culled from the body of the speech, and frozen into "arrogance" by the cold flippancy of detraction!—By the same method, all the noblest speeches ever pronounced, might be said to partake of arrogance! The St. James's Chronicle may be compared to a fretful old dotard of two centuries ago.

While Tierney [1] squinted till his eye look'd sore,
And Hume [2] sat down as brainless as before.

MANLIUS.

But wit, nor worth, nor any nobler fame,
Will drive the snake-like tories from their aim;
Mean to the last, they'll welter in their hate,
And glut their malice, though it wreck the State.

JULIUS.

Why should not spiders to their holes retreat?
Why should not envy rankle for defeat?—

[1] Mr. Tierney, (*alias* "Old Times") fluttered, gaped, and almost stared his eyes away, while Canning was delivering this memorable speech.

[2] Hume was conceited enough to propose an amendment, immediately after Canning's eloquent triumph:—but he was laughed into silent ideotcy.

Not principle,—but ev'ry meaner thrall,
Slav'd, rack'd, and made deserters of them all!
But Britain gladdens at the curse remov'd,—
She cannot sorrow, for she never lov'd:
Now, like the cast-out demons in the shades,
Their common heart one sullen plot invades;
Clung round the growling leader of their gang,
To vomit vengeance in lampoons and slang.[2]

[1] I agree with a late Correspondent in the "Times,"—that envy has been the fundamental cause of the present political desertion. The doltishness of many of the deserters felt rankled at the superiority of Canning's genius:—it was too much for their little minds to endure. The great reason brought forward, to explain their secession, is—Mr. Canning's opinion on the Catholic Question; but this is betraying their own deceit; if Mr. Canning's views on Catholic Emancipation formed their SOLE objection to his ascendancy, were they not bound, by their much boasted patriotism, to abide in his Majesty's Cabinet, and thus, by their ANTI-Catholic principles and Protestant counsels, to have counteracted the approaches of the Emancipators?

[2] In addition to two or three Journals, the political seceders have sent forth sixty-five pages of drivelling verbiage, under the catch-penny title of "The Grand Vizier Unmasked," &c. From the vapid tenour of this pamphlet, and two passages which agree almost word for word, with part of his late speech—we may

almost venture to pronounce Mr. Ex-Under-Secretary Dawson, the parent of this printed prodigy:—preceding puffs, together with the title, has pushed it to a third edition. This is not the place to enter into an examination of its arguments: if it have any. The greater part of it is made up of flimsy invective, absurd appeals, and garbelled accusations. The writer talks of the press being bought;—no one, but the furbisher of such pages, would have uttered this wild and incorrect statement; the press is of too unlimited and independent a nature, to cower down beneath the influence of a paltry bribe. The voice of the country has been simultaneous in applauding his Majesty's choice. In page 19, Mr. Pamphleteer remarks—"By Portuguese Statesmen, with whom we have conversed, his (Mr. Canning's) arrival at Lisbon was considered as a job by which his pockets were to benefit, and for which, Portugal was a mere pretext," &c. Here's a specimen of political controversy! and does this anonymous lampooner REALLY imagine, that Mr. Canning's admirers are to be converted by the shallow assumption and despicable surmises of his unknown Portuguese dabblers? If the runaways cannot hire a better scribbler than the one before us, the Lord preserve them—their's is indeed a rotten cause! One benefit has accrued from the publication of this stitched-up wonder—it has confirmed, more strongly than ever, the meanness of the political deserters, and the poor arguments they can adduce in defence of their envious retreat. The Courier (whose opinion exactly coincides with my own; viz. approving of Mr. Canning's elevation, but opposing the Catholic Question) has properly observed, "That the seceders have placed Mr. Canning in a situation almost without a choice; and then turn round upon him in effect, to reproach him with a necessity of their own creating;—"that he has executed the commands of his Sovereign, under the circumstances in which he was thus placed, in the only way he could." The only truth the

MANLIUS.

'Tis said, eternal Eldon well foresaw,[1]
When Canning reign'd, his lordship must withdraw;
So having brooded o'er his wary spite,
And foil'd the Premier with a lawyer's might,
He buzz'd—"pure principle forbids my stay"—
Then, grunting, groaning, skulk'd in fumes away!

JULIUS.

I care not why—enough—the troop departs,
With envious rancour feeding on their hearts :—

Unmasker of "The Grand Vizier," has had the talent to state, is, —"that, in endeavouring to ascertain what he (Mr. Canning) is, and what he is not, he has involved himself in a labyrinth:"—a labyrinth of stupidity, floundering about in the spumy vituperations of a hired lampooner.

[1] This is a conjecture of Manlius', not altogether warranted by the Premier's own declaration:—he has repeatedly remarked, that he had no personal objections to the "Seven," and should have been glad of their co-operation.

Yes, Eldon's gone!—illumine all the town, [1]
Let ev'ry school-boy[2] shout, "old Eldon's down!"
When we reflect how long this Chanc'ry moth
Hath eat the kingdom up, with selfish sloth,
What widows' tears—what orphans' unheard sighs—
What famished clients lift in vain their eyes,
On all the compass of the ruin done,—
How must we hate the iron-hearted one!

MANLIUS.

However frail this hoary judge may be,
His heart from each ignoble trait is free;—

[1] The "Times."

[2] Lord Eldon's integrity never surpassed his exquisite sensibilities: with regard to himself, we may truly call him a

"Pendulum betwixt a smile and tear:"

What, for instance, could evince a more grateful heart, than his writing to an Exeter Pedagogue, to grant the little boys a holiday,

With rev'rend [1] port, he bears an aged frame,
And many too, his courteous merits name;
Besides, a wise reluctance claims applause,
The longer weigh'd, the juster ends the cause:

and to thank him for their "huzzas" as he passed?—this is a trait of character enviable in every respect. And then his Lordship's late gush of tears in the House of Lords, and the Court,—I really cannot convey my admiration, on this point, with sufficient energy. Sterne himself, might find his pathetic powers fail him, at the attempt.

[1] There certainly ought to be a marked distinction made between his lordship's private and judicial character. With regard to the former,—his worst enemies cannot impugn its purity, integrity, and consistency. His complacent manners too, in the Court, have ever been felt and acknowledged by all. With respect to the latter,—the ruined families—the blasted happiness of thousands—best attest its merits. It is of no use for his defenders to tell us, that his Lordship's delays have been the consequence of a wish to be correctly just:—His justice has, in fact, been the worst *injustice;* It has rendered Chancery and Ruin, synonymous throughout the kingdom. No plausible declamation will ever fume away the substantial proof of such facts. His lordship should have been comfortably reclining in his arm chair at home, instead of sticking to the sack, till (as he has since confessed) he hardly knew what he was about. Perhaps there never was a judge, of whom the clients in general, might so continually say

"ADHUC SUB JUDICE LIS EST!"

Thus, ling'ring Nestor, in his wisdom bland,
Reflected long, and helm'd the troubled land!

JULIUS.

His justice never felt for sorrow's lot,
But, drown'd in apathy, the cause forgot.
Must mis'ry in its dreadful gloom abide,
And pine content, till Eldon's brains decide!
I hate the coldness of the callous heart,
That ever doubts—save when itself hath part;
I hate the man, who, deaf to sorrow's sound,
Can squat at ease, while wretches throng around!
Not all the wisdom of sev'n Sages can
Excuse the savage sloth of such a man:
Why not, ere yet the chilling blights of age
Crept on his soul, and weaken'd all the sage,
Retired content, with tranquil glories blest,
His mem'ry sacred, and his heart at rest?—

Why, to supply his never-glutted SELF,
And gripe from Britain everlasting pelf—
Rot on the sack, till law became a curse,
And broken hearts but fill'd up Eldon's purse?
As oft, within the court, I've paus'd to see,
This doubting Minos nurse his aching knee,
And mark'd the pallid fever on his face,
That faithful beckon'd to another place,—
He seem'd a wither'd trunk upon the ground,
Whose roots grow deeper as decays abound.

MANLIUS.

Alas! how changeful seems the great man's life!
Precarious round of envy and of strife!
But twelve years since,—and crowding minstrels won,
The laurel-wreath, by tuning "Wellington;"—
But now, though in the naked bronze he stands,
And round it titt'ring misses lift their hands—

The worst contempt is lavished on his name,
They taunt his rights, and sneer [1] away his fame;
Is this the fretful folly of the few,
To unplume thus the cock of Waterloo?
Like Greece of old, will Englishmen repay
Their once-loved hero of the battle day?

JULIUS.

Repay!—we sacked the country for his praise,
We wreathed his temples with our golden bays,

[1] It is not very easy to account for the little feeling of respect evinced towards the noble duke, independent of his character as a hero:—certain it is, that he is by no means popular. Among the soldiers, too, there is no affection entertained for him: they admire his prowess, but nothing more. His Grace is not the most amiable commander; and has, on several occasions, been cruelly neglectful of the army, when encamped in the most miserable condition:—I allude to their alleged sufferings during the encampment in the Bois de Boulogne, which have been mentioned as not very creditable to the Duke's humanity.

We tuned his prowess, and forgot the ball, [1]
O'er looked the private—gave commander all!
Still, when our heroes dangle through the town,
The army's hate, and coxcombs of renown,
Then ev'ry soldier names them with a gibe,
And Bond-street puppets rank them with their tribe.

MANLIUS.

To save his principles, he lost a mine, [2]—
Sure this would soften any heart but thine!

JULIUS.

To save no principle, but that of pride,—
He left the rival, hate could not abide;

[1] Alluding to the fête the duke was enjoying, instead of being at the post of duty.

[2] Like all the seceders, the Duke attributes to himself the noblest motives for quitting his post. I fear the public in general, is rather obstinate at present; they will not take his Grace's word!

And since a Marchioness was Canning's friend,
A proud desertion graced a meaner end:

MANLIUS.

Of all the runaways from court and king,
Dame Bathurst[1] seems the dullest, dawdling thing;
When such old women sniff about the court,
The State seems fuddled, and the office sport;—
Heaven grant that ev'ry stick like him may start,
Till legislation share both head and heart!

JULIUS.

We think alike;—there's rev'rence in old age,
When placid wisdom guides each fault'ring stage,

[1] The St. James' Chronicle," gabbles about Lord Bathurst, as if ne were one of the most valuable statesmen in existence. I believe it would be difficult to say, when his lordship made himself so eminent, as when he trotted away from office!

But sluggish dotards grunting to be great,
And hung, like bloated leeches, on the State;
Though ancient birth, and noble name assist,
Deserve but to be hated, mock'd, and hissed:
Ere yet his brains had addled quite away,
Why not have left, and dawdled on his pay?—
Could he not hear the country cry out "fool!"
"Why not a log the colonies to rule?"
But since he's gone, may every ease befriend,
The bottle comfort, and the nurse attend;
In parlour snug, or spread upon his chair,
May none perplex—no politics be there!—
Now cross his thumbs, now sip his congou tea,
Or pensive stroke the kitten on his knee;

MANLIUS.

One thing, I'm sure, the land will never rue,
That twaddling Westmoreland has said, Adieu!

That second Bathurst, in his dotage blind,
Of drowsy dullness, and of hollow mind;
"My heart leaps up," to see these moppets quit
The throne, where none but genius ought to sit:—
Let titled dunces keep their proper place,
And spare the country's, and their own disgrace.

JULIUS.

And so must every sterling patriot hate,
The wasteful drones that pilfer from the state;
Still, one there was amid the routing pack,
Who, meanly cunning, took a wiser track;
Great Bexley,[1]—he who strutted from his throne,
So big, when first the plot was overthrown!—
Dared any think an awful peer would deign
To doff his hide, and seek his hole again?

[1] This notable specimen of the aristocracy, proved himself of the EPICENE genus in politics? Like merry old Flaccus, he can contrive to suit *himself* to his circumstances: this, assuredly, is worldly wisdom, if nothing else.

But, once more, should his lordship please to tramp,
And lend his wisdom to the tory camp,
No dismal tears would dim the public eye,
No bosom (save his own) indulge the sigh!

MANLIUS.

But mind, (the proverb's musty, but 'tis true,)
A peer, like Satan, ought to have his due;—
Say ye, who think our peerage dull and vain,
Has Bexley, flower of Lords! no wondrous brain!
M'Culloch, Malthus, blush! ye're all outdone,
He proved that twenty equals twenty-one![1]

JULIUS.

Thank heaven! that M—'s clenching hand no more,
Directs the navy,—or purloins its store;

[1] Such is the noble Lord's opinion on the Currency Question: *viz.* that twenty and twenty-one shillings are all the same in the end! *O novum atque inauditum ad principatum iter!*—PLIN. PAN.

Farewell!—a long farewell to all the race,
For princely Clarence fills his sullied place;
May all the Scotch-born brood he hugg'd and fed,[1]
Be turned adrift, and Britons reign instead;
O, ever verdant be his clust'ring bays,
May no dark dreams recal those awkward days,
When all the blushing peers convened to sit,
And Melville totter'd, though upheld by Pitt![2]

MANLIUS.

When I reflect[3] what Britain's senate were,
When Fox and Chatham blazed their genius there—

[1] There was scarcely an office under the command of the Lord of the Admiralty, that was not filled by a Scotchman. The circumstance alluded to in the last lines of Julius' speech, is an historical fact. It has been thought, that Pitt's disappointment at not being able to save his friend from the stigma of an impeachment, hastened his demise.

[2] It is proper to mention, that Lord M——'s father is here referred to.

[3] This is rather a sudden start in Manlius; I suppose he was weary of the preceeding subject.

On Demosthenic Burke, above his kind
Graced with the proudest monarchy of mind,—
With tearful glance I see them dwindling down,
To all the knaves and numskulls of the town.
Take from the diplomatic herd that meet,
Some rare bright patriots who adorn their seat,
And what a residue remains to tell,
How eloquence and genius speed farewell!
Great heaven!—and shall our British statesmen be
Made up of cash—or pomp—or infamy?
Is legislation fit for ev'ry mouth—
For each dull scare-crow, from the North to South?
Faith! 'tis enough to stir the death-hush'd gloom,
And bring some champion from his hallow'd tomb;
Some mighty Chatham, whose rekindled gaze,—
Arm'd with the light'ning of triumphant days—
Should flash its vengeance on the mean array,
Fright the dumb house, and frown them all away!

JULIUS.

If foppish impudence alone were found,
To swagger forth, and froth its garbage round;
Some hopes were left,—tho' Calcrafts [1] should increase.
But see, the hooted plunderer of Greece,—
E'en he, presumes to lift his brazen head,
And petty-fogging W—s, the halls to tread!—
Come forth, "Old Times"—here all thy sneers enjoy,
To hiss from Parliament, this vile alloy:
And send,—oh, send the never-daunted W—s,
(Himself combining a full host of bilks)—
To Stock Exchange—there let him loose his jaw,
In the rich fluency of lies and law;
And crawl along the dirty round of shame,
Till honest tongues shall blister at his name! [1]

[1] Mr. Calcraft of Chester notoriety, shows off his little bit of parliamentary consequence in the most preposterous style:—a second edition of that Persius, who was

"Confidens, tumidus,—sermonis amari."

Now, join this farewell wish,—since both, my friend,
One pray'r in union for our country blend,—
May heaven direct each patriotic aim,
Secure the State, and guard Britannia's fame!
Though vulgar Cobbett, like a well-fed toad,
Pour out each week, his rankly pois'nous load,
And then, retreating with an emptied train,
Engender more, and spit it out again;—
Though Dawson spurt,—hate,—spite and plot combine,
Still, Canning, may each MEET success be thine;

[1] The greatest Saints are sometimes the greatest sinners; saint Wilks for example. Every body knows he is damned (as it regards his character) to all eternity. Moreover, every body knows that he deserves it. Still this same Company dabbler, when waited on by some electors, relative to his election for S——— on a Sunday morning, lengthened his visage—soured his features—turned up his eyes like a duck in a thunder storm—and gravely refused to consult with them on account of his "respect for the Sabbath!"—hear it ye gods!—surely after this, we may place Wilks by the side of Hume;—

Wilks—Wilks—sweet Wilks!—oh, there's no man like Wilks!

Far may the splendour of thy genius play,
Till dazzled Faction shrink unseen away.

JULIUS.

So shall the tributes of an after age
Proclaim the patriot, and applaud the sage.

FINIS.

LONDON:

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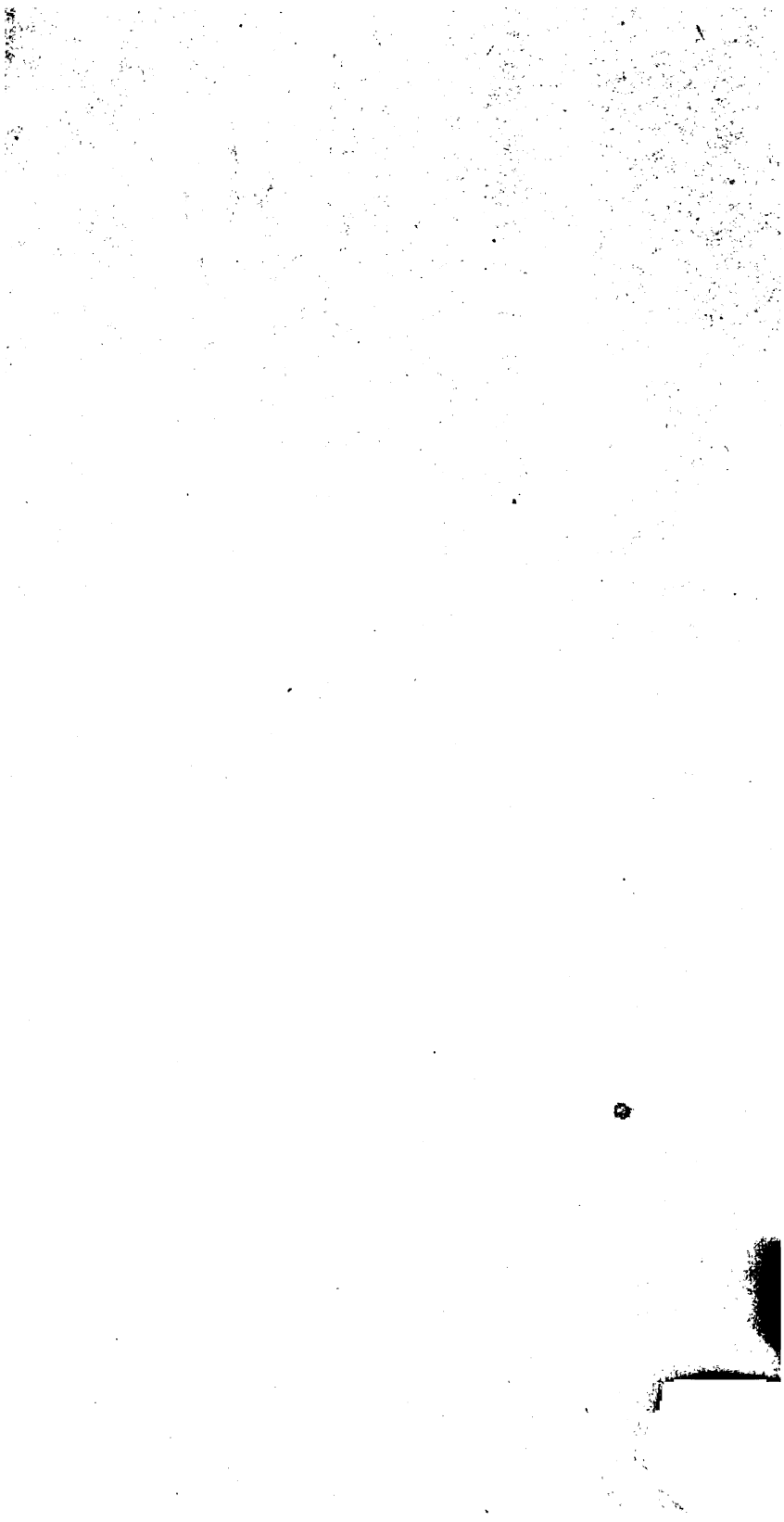
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